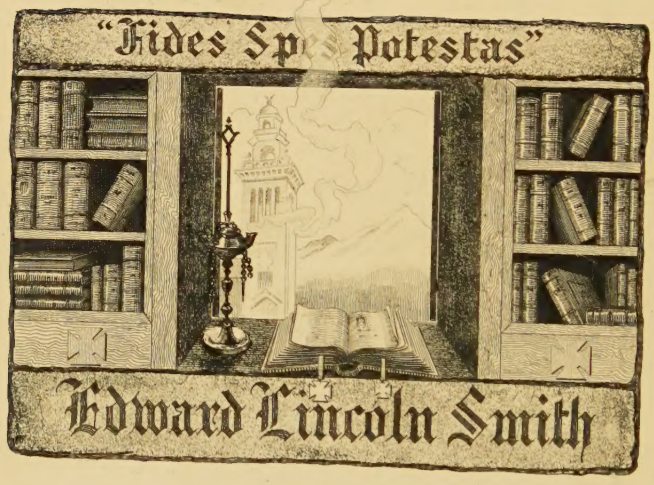
Mind and Work

LUTHER H. GULICK



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MIND AND WORK

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By

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"The Efficient Life"

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TO THOSE WHO WOULD COMPEL, RATHER THAN BE COMPELLED, BY CIRCUMSTANCE;

WHO WOULD DRIVE, RATHER THAN BE DRIVEN, BY THEIR FEELINGS;

WHO WOULD BE MASTERS OF THEMSELVES AND SO OF FATE

PREFACE

It is not by accident that this volume is addressed mainly to a consideration of the feelings. Our hopes, fears, ambitions, loves, and likes are the controlling factors of our lives. The purely mental, logical, or reasoning function is chiefly the servant of our desires and fears.

The success that I am really talking about is primarily internal. It may, and I believe usually does, secure external success, but the real thing is inside. It consists of real self-control, the ability to see and live in what is true. It results in health, sanity, wholesomeness, friendliness, usefulness, happiness.

These chapters have nearly all of them had their beginning as informal talks given on various occasions. Subsequently they were given as one part of a lecture course in the School of Pedagogy of New York University, where they were stenographically reported. I am indebted to the editors of The World's Work, The Ladies' Home

Journal, The Outlook, and Good Housekeeping for permission to reprint articles which appeared in their journals. After another revision and carpentering to fit each other, they are as they appear here. To the friend who aided in the revision, I am indebted as I was in the preparation of "The Efficient Life," Harry James Smith.

LUTHER H. GULICK

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THE HABIT OF SUCCESS

CHAPTER I

A GOOD mouser at first will bring dead mice for the kittens to play with. The little ones will growl and stick their tiny teeth into the bodies of the unresisting mice. Later on, mice that are only disabled will be brought and the kittens will have some resistance to overcome. Finally uninjured mice are brought, and if these escape from the kittens, they are caught by the mother and brought back. In this way confidence and real ability develop.

It is said that this same process is carried on by foxes in the training of their young; and that those who train terriers to catch rats follow a similar course. They bring rats whose teeth have either been drawn or become so dulled that they are incapable of effective biting. It is only after the pups have learned the knack of killing these unarmed rats that they are allowed to attack rats that have not been disabled. Some-

times it happens that a puppy not so trained in its first attack on a rat will be badly bitten; and the effect will be that the puppy is spoiled as a good rat catcher, because it has been frightened so thoroughly. The memory of the bite interferes with that active courage which is an essential element in a good rat catcher.

Of course, no notions of psychology are supposed to reside, either in the animals or in those who train the terriers; but it is true in all these cases that the beginners are given work to do in which they can succeed, so that they know they can do what is before them. Where this is not done, habits of failure are established: and habits of failure are ruinous.

Puppies, foxes, and terriers do not differ in this fundamental respect from children, and the following may be considered a typical case. A little girl named S—— was doing wretched work in school. She seemed to be trying and yet she could not spell the words she was asked to spell, she could not remember her multiplication table; her whole attitude was one of conscious-

ness of inability. Because of her lack of success she was frequently punished at home, sometimes severely. Then a conference took place between the mother and the principal, which resulted in all punishment at home being discontinued. Special work was then given to the child, work which was easy for her to do really well. In the course of a few days her whole attitude changed: she became happy, confident that she could do the work that she had to do. She continued her work and when gradually she was put back on the regular work of the grade in which she belonged, she discovered that she could do that work. She went on thereafter and stood high in her class. The difference was primarily a difference in her attitude toward herself, her attitude toward success. She knew she could succeed, while before she knew that she was going to fail. It seemed as if her whole moral nature had been made over. Her mother said in a letter to the teacher: "S 's entire demeanour has changed for the better. Her language is improving, her manner is

sprightly. She seems totally free from nervousness, in fact a changed girl."

I knew a boy of seventeen who was failing in his high school work. He was rather lazy, and his family unceasingly told him how lazy he was, how his older brothers had done brilliant work, how they were Phi Beta Kappa men in college, and how he was the "black sheep" of the family. The boy believed it all; he knew he was a failure. And he kept on being a failure until somebody discovered something that he could do. Then he succeeded, and he has been succeeding ever since.

This principle of the habit of success is constantly demonstrated in athletics. In practising for the high jump, the beginner will start with the stick at that height at which he can jump it easily, and he will raise it every time that he clears the stick, so that he must always jump higher. And when by the greatest effort he succeeds in clearing the stick at his approximately greatest height, he will put it still an inch higher — at a point where he must almost of necessity fail. For a long time he will

struggle under conditions where failure is almost inevitable. This excess of effort always means the use of unnecessary muscles and combination of muscles in the endeavor to find some better way to jump. That disturbs that precision of movement which is essential to any first-class athletic performer. It is known as "form." The result is that through this excess of effort he never learns to jump as well as does a boy who most of the time jumps within his ability and who thus acquires perfect form, perfect control. This is not to say that a good jumper never tests himself; he does. But the bulk of his work is done under conditions where he can succeed, where he can carry his body in the most perfect "form."

Successful teachers of backward or feeble-minded children have discovered that this principle is fundamental in the education of these unfortunates. The most important, and at the same time the most difficult thing to do is to convince these children that they can succeed. So long as they are sure that they cannot succeed, they

are hopeless failures. You may as well give them up unless you can awaken this belief in themselves, belief in their own success. If you take a child that is really mentally subnormal and put him in school with normal children, he cannot do well, no matter how hard he tries. He tries again and again, and fails. Then he is scolded and punished, kept after school, and held up to the ridicule of the teacher and other students. When he goes out to the playground he cannot play with the vigour and skill and force of other children. In the plays he is not wanted on either side; he is always "it" in tag. So he soon acquires the presentiment that he is going to fail no matter what he does, that he cannot do as the others do, and that there is no use in trying. So he gives up trying; he quits. That is the largest element in the lives of the feeble-minded, that conviction that they cannot do like others, and is the first thing that must be overcome if they are to be helped. There is no hope whatever of growth so long as they foresee that they are going to fail. The first problem of the teacher of

feeble-minded children is, then, to discover tasks that are within the grasp of these children. The things must be so simple that they can be accomplished, and at the same time so interesting as to awaken enthusiasm and the willingness to make effort. Then the teacher gives more and more difficult work, but never allows them to establish any other habit than that of success.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, some time ago, in a notable address, said that in his judgment the majority of the failures of pupils in the elementary schools are due to the fact that the children were given work to do in which they could not succeed at first, or else not given enough work in which they could succeed, so as to create this atmosphere of success. This is the case, for instance, when motor-minded boys are put upon work which is primarily intellectual. These boys cannot do it well and hence they become discouraged and think they cannot do anything well. This habit of success, Dr. Eliot says, is in itself a major factor for making success.

He says that the unpardonable sin in educational administration is to give the child things to do that it cannot do, or that it cannot do well.

In the business world this principle is understood pretty well. For instance, a man who has failed in business two or three times is rarely again trusted to manage a business, even though everybody knows that the failures have been unavoidable. The reason is that the man's own confidence in himself has been undermined. Without confidence there can be no success.

The great majority of those who fall victims of neurasthenia are people who are unable to do the things that they have to do. As a rule, people do not become nervous wrecks while they are succeeding; but they go to pieces when they begin to fail. They begin to worry and they go down. A major part of the art of successful living consists in adjusting the problems of daily life and taking them in bundles so that they may be completed and done successfully, instead of having them forever hanging over us as incomplete work and

unattainable ideals. How would you feel if you were pretty sure that everything you attempted, you would fail in — every hour, every day, every week? That is the attitude of the untrained feeble-minded person, and it applies also to many other people. Through every failure, the faculty of endeavour, of trying, is lessened — that is the sad and serious thing. When you are succeeding, you can try harder, but when you are failing, you ultimately suffer a paralysing effect.

That child is in a well-nigh hopeless condition in whom we can find nothing to approve. That man makes the greatest, the most successful, ventures in business or in science or in friendship who is confident of success, and whose confidence is based upon experience. As in the case of the feeble-minded, so with normal pupils —the way to bring out their best efforts is by giving them work which is so adjusted to their powers that they can succeed in it; and then letting them understand that you know they are succeeding. The attempting of work which cannot be done, which is beyond

the power of the individual — that creates the mental atmosphere of failure.

When the whole world is against you and there is one friend who believes in you way down — this one friend may save your soul. We cannot entirely trust our own judgment about ourselves; we must depend, to a considerable extent, upon the judgment of our friends. That is illustrated in the relations of teacher and pupils — the difference between the teacher who believes in his pupils and the teacher who is constantly endeavouring to find failures. One is trying to discover the strong points of the children and the other is trying to show up the weak points. It is only by dwelling on the strong points that we can get rid of most of the failures.

Everyone of us has at times come up against inevitable failure. We have failed sometimes even when we have done our level best. Then the world looks black. You want to sit down and quit; and if the failure has been bad enough, you want to die. Life does not seem worth while. You lie awake at night, you do not relish your

food, you do not digest it, you do not talk, and you will not take exercise. This is the universal condition of every person who believes himself to be a failure.

It is the right of every one to choose that part of life which is successful. Even the feeble-minded have a right to hold in consciousness the measure of power which they have, rather than to hold in mind those attainments which they do not have; and in this respect they do not differ at all from normal people. As compared with geniuses, the normal are feeble-minded. Take for instance in music, Bach, Mozart, Wagner — as compared with ourselves. There can be little comparison. And yet, should that put us in a state of hopelessness with reference to the enjoyment of music, or even the performance of it? By no means. It is so with reference to the feeble-minded. Because the feeble-minded person cannot jump as far as I can — mentally — should he therefore sit down and make no endeavour? No; the relation is just the same as our relation to the genius. Attainment is not an absolute

thing. There is no such thing as absolute success, nor such a thing as absolute failure. The success or failure depends predominantly upon your point of view or standard. The person who adapts his work to his power can have success; and he has a right to hold that success in mind. That is normal, that is wholesome, that makes for good work. Every one has failed to such an extent that if he chose to dwell on those failures, they could dominate his whole mental life; and with some people that is the case. They are the pessimists—ineffective, psychically disagreeable people. They are the people who, whenever they see you do something hopefully and confidently, "know better."

No teacher, no employer, no parent should impress children with the fact that they are failures. It is wicked, and dreadful in its effect. On the other hand, it is not right that no person should ever be told that he has failed, for that is sometimes necessary; but to impress upon a person that he is a failure makes for a lower level of life. If a teacher or a parent could really

succeed in convincing the child that he is a failure, nothing could be so fatal toward really making him a failure as this knowledge.

The conclusions are:

(1) In order to get the best out of both adults and children the most important thing to do is to believe in them, to give them work that they can do, and then frankly to recognise their success.

(2) In dealing with ourselves, while occasionally it is necessary to examine our own failures in order that we may detect our weak spots, the thing to keep in mind constantly is our successes. It is of no great significance that we should try nine times to solve a problem and fail if when we try the tenth time we succeed. The one success means more than the nine failures. That is the thing to be kept in mind.

WHAT IS REAL

CHAPTER II

IT is possible to select the bulk, as well as the most real part, of one's mental atmosphere. This may be more readily illustrated than proved. For example, I have in mind a certain image of a house, the windows of which overlook in the far distance some beautiful hills. In front of those hills there may be seen in the fall waving fields of yellow wheat. In the immediate foreground of the picture is a great stretch of smooth green grass. But in the middle distance is a row of horrid little tenements — five-room houses — built as cheaply and kept as wretchedly as possible. The inhabitants of that house, whenever they looked out of the windows, at first saw very prominently the dirty little tenements. They stared at them in all their ugliness. Presently, however, these people discovered that it was possible not to perceive the tenements at all, but, by deliberately directing the vision beyond, to enjoy the hills and the

waving wheat and the green grass. It was not so much a question as to which view first caught the eye, as it was a question of which view should take hold and endure. The view from those windows became a symbol in that family of the resolute holding in mind of the things in life that are beautiful instead of those that are ugly, of things that are pleasant as contrasted with those that are disagreeable, of the things that are true as opposed to those that are untrue.

That picture is life itself. It is not something out of a laboratory — or something out of a text-book. Deliberately to see the hills in the distance lies within our control.

There is probably no one person in the world but has tragedy enough and pain enough straight along to warrant — yes, absolutely to warrant — pretty complete discouragement. And I imagine that there is no person who is so perfectly adjusted by nature, so entirely balanced in health, that there are not times when he finds it necessary to hold himself by deliberate will-power—to forget how he has been hurt,

to turn aside from some things ugly in a friend's character, to turn aside from the bad in his own character, for every one of us has in his character that which is bad. Our characters are ugly enough in part, so that if we were to dwell constantly on that part, the prospect would seem pretty disheartening, and justifiably so.

I met a young man once who told me he was studying music. He said that his teacher had trained him to hear every defect in the voices of singers. And he added, "Now I am able to detect defects in the finest singers." Of this he was very proud!

This, I believe, is the primary point with reference to the whole subject of the sanity and clearness of one's mental operations: we can have the fine things of life, or we can have the opposite — just as we choose. The type of person who is habitually seeing faults in others, who is constantly feeling for pain, who is always imagining slights, loses the sense of balance and proportion.

Our friends are people who see the good

in us and who believe in that good. That is not to say that they do not see the other side. They probably see it, and they ought to; but by holding in mind the good in us, they help us to realise it more fully in ourselves and to hold ourselves to this vision of the ideal.

This world is about what we choose to make it. There are enough meannesses in every one — ourselves included — to make for us a contemptible world, if we select the meannesses and let our minds dwell upon them. This twists and perverts our thinking. And, on the other hand, there is enough beauty in the world and enough sanity in life, that if we choose deliberately to put our minds on that beauty and sanity, we shall react directly toward wholesomeness.

The accomplishing of this lies essentially in an attitude of deliberate thought; and with a good many people it is an attitude of deliberate choice. I know of invalids who in spite of pain determine to see the beauty of life. I know men and women who have been tremendously wronged, but have de-

liberately forgotten themselves, have just gone straight on, seeking the beauty and the truth in life.

My first point, then, is this — the atmosphere which makes for sane, simple, straightforward thinking is predominantly one that can be chosen by each individual for himself.

It is not playing a false part to deliberately choose for one's self the truest thing and to hold to it constantly, even when the thing that is less true presses at the moment and seems to dominate. That is, the deliberate assumption of the attitude of health in mind and body is not a false thing. It is the essentially true thing, because unless we were predominantly healthy both in mind and in body, we could not live: if the sum total of our lives were mainly defective, we should be dead or insane. So it is absolutely fair during the upstroke of life to formulate that attitude and carriage of the body, those words which one will use when the downstroke comes. And every person, crippled or not crippled, who has an upstroke in life also has a downstroke.

Many people believe that to assume this attitude of health is playing falsely. They believe that the only thing to do is to be honest, and that to be honest means to pour out all the blackness of your own soul on your friends. But that is not really honest; it is dishonest to your best, your biggest, self. It is an untruth — and I am not using words carelessly or without accuracy. It is untrue because it gives the impression of permanency to a state which is ephemeral. The old phrase "Burn your own smoke" is applicable here.

This attitude does not mean turning away from the world's suffering and the evil of life. People have made that criticism. They have said that this deliberate assumption of the position of health and happiness when one does not have health and happiness is just turning away from the suffering and evil in the world. But it is not. This can only be done when one looks with wide-open eyes at the wickedness and the suffering within and about one's self, but sees at the same time the good and realises that the good is the thing to hold;

believes that the deliberate selection of the best is possible; that one can to the extent of one's will — whether it be a strong will or a weak will, but at least to the extent of one's will — select the thing that is strong.

People sometimes say that those persons who deliberately choose to look at the good of life are dodging life's responsibilities and its realities. I think that is wholly a mistake. The hills in the picture that I have described are a great deal more real, more enduring, than those dirty little houses. The houses could not last very long; the hills endure a long, long time. The thing that was real in that situation was the beauty, not the ugliness of it.

I think that is true about most of life. Every one of us has things in life that are wretched. We are sick in some way, we are in trouble, or we have friends, those who are dear to us, relatives, who are in sorrow, pain, or trouble. We do not have to go far to find pain and sickness and evil in the world; and there are people of that temperament and that philosophy

who pick out all the evil things and who perseveringly hold them in mind. They thus maintain about themselves an atmosphere of depression. We call them pessimists. They are the people who of two evils will choose both. But is such a person dealing with reality in the world more than the person who takes life's good deliberately and conscientiously, and daily holds it in mind?

It seems to me to be a question of ultimate reality. So far as I see, the ultimate reality is one toward good far more than toward evil. Evil tends toward its own extinction. It is becoming more and more ephemeral. I do not think we shall ever get away from it entirely, but it tends toward its own elimination.

The person who spends all his time fighting evil, misses the good of the world. You have something in your life that you do not want and you go to work to fight it. The more you resist it, the stronger it becomes, for that is the law of habit. The very intensity of one's thought tends to magnify the evil. You fall in love with

somebody with whom you should not fall in love, and you make up your mind that you will not think about her. You find that you are thinking about her all the time and the very conflict accentuates that which you are trying not to do. Life's battles are not fought in that way. They are fought in a positive way. You cannot say, "I won't think"; you can say, "I will do the other thing."

It is our right to select from life those things that we want to look at. We can select pain or happiness; and the primary difference, I think, between people who are wholesome in their mental make-up, who are efficient in their mental processes, and those who are not, is in the kinds of things that they choose to have before their mental visions. You know the good friend who is in earnest about your character and who thinks that good character is only to be won by throwing out the evil. He sees some fault that needs removal, and he is probably right, and he tells you of it. The critic who is constantly looking for evil finds it and his life is filled with evil; he

lives in an atmosphere of it. The other friend — far less philosophic, but far more of a friend, and you welcome him — is the person who whenever he sees something good, something happy, says so, dwells upon it, and welcomes it.

You know the teacher who is looking for disturbances in the classroom and every time a child makes a noise is looking for that child. That teacher lives in an atmosphere of disturbance; she is choosing a mental environment of disturbance; she is living in a psychic state of disturbance. You know the other teacher, who is looking for the positive good, for obedience, for courtesy, who whenever she sees obedience, courtesy, honesty, faithfulness, commends them. That teacher lives in an atmosphere of obedience, courtesy, and honesty, and all the children around her do the same thing. One it is a pleasure to know; the other it is a pleasure to avoid. We avoid the one steadily, persistently, unconsciously, and we seek the other — thus showing that this deliberate selection of our mental atmosphere is not an artificial thing we

think about and bring to consciousness, but it is the natural and wholesome reaction of every sane and normal temperament.

The philosopher is in search of truth, and truth is not supposed to be a matter of temperament. During the last few years a new phase of philosophy has arisen which is most prominently known in America in connection with the names of James and Dewey, and in England with that of Schiller. The fundamental proposition of this — the pragmatic philosophy — is that that thing is true which holds true when applied to life. Pessimism does n't work out. The pessimist has relatively poor circulation, digests food less well, is less muscular, and particularly has fewer motives in life than the optimist. Pessimism is negation, denial, believing that the evil is more than the good, that life is not worth while; it is the dampening down of life. Pessimism tends to its own annihilation, because it takes away life's motives, life's vigour, life's power. Optimism tends toward the increase of life, increases the joy of living. If one accepts the pragmatic point of view, opti-

mism is justified. Hence I for one believe in the optimistic point of view — believe in it as absolutely and in the same sense as I believe that two times two make four. It operates to make life a better thing; it makes for sanity as distinguished from insanity.

Optimism does not mean being satisfied. It says, "Here is a good thing. What is better?" Optimism is the pursuit of the better, and the attitude which it takes is the attitude of success, as distinguished from the attitude of failure. The realities of life are its successes, its dreams and hopes, its health and love.

RESOLUTIONS — GOOD AND BAD

CHAPTER III

A GOOD resolution may be treated as a sort of labor-saving device. Its usefulness lies in the fact that it deals with certain practical issues in advance of their actual presentation. Thus, the course of action being already determined, the situation does not need to be canvassed later — at a time when unprejudiced decision will probably be more difficult than now.

Looking calmly at his past life from some point of vantage (a fortnight's vacation, say, in the woods), a man may be impressed with the fact that he does not get enough exercise in the city; he may admit to himself that this is largely through his own fault, that he could get a decent amount if only he would make up his mind that way. For example, he could be walking in the open air for at least half or three-quarters of an hour every day during the week, and on Saturday or Sunday he could put in several

hours of wholesome physical recreation; help his digestion, his temper, his brain, and his business by so doing. A sober resolution to test out the practical value of such a schedule — to give it a definite trial of a certain number of weeks — is a running start at achieving a very useful habit.

When responsibilities press upon him, when the day seems crowded to capacity with engagements, and all the obstacles set by natural inertia, bad ventilation, laziness, and so forth, block his way out of doors, then his resolution may be his salvation. His only alternatives are to get there somehow, or else to make a sacrifice of his self-respect. The issue does not need to be overhauled and discussed afresh every day; the moral courage required is of a simple kind; merely a matter of living up to your word.

The most important test of a good resolution is whether or not it is attainable. Good resolutions broken are the kind of thing that paves hell. Resolutions that can be lived up to consistently in the cor-

rupted currents of this world, here in the midst of all the actual impediments, inhibitions, and distractions of our earthly environment — those are good resolutions in the true sense. Every resolution that cannot be kept weakens moral grip. In other words, good resolutions are resolutions that are not too good.

Not but that a man's reach should exceed his grasp; that is another matter. What I am emphasising here is that, first of all, a man must have a grasp, must be able to hold with a bull-dog grip to *something*. To make up one's mind to do a thing, without taking sober account of what it involves, is mere foolhardiness. Every time you take hold of a thing, meaning to keep hold, and then let go because you can't help it, you are worse off than you were before. You are simply getting practice in failure; and failure is a vicious habit.

Scrutinised by common sense, many so-called good resolutions turn out to be preposterous. To adhere to them might compel a man to move into an entirely

different environment, away from his family and friends. They might interfere with his health or with his neighbours or with his happiness in life.

A man says, for instance, when the repentant fit is heavy upon him: "It's all wrong for me to lie abed in the morning as I do. During the coming year I'll do better. I'll get up at 6.45."

What happens? We all know perfectly well. And when you sigh, "Well, there goes another of those good resolutions!" —you are in consequence weaker, less self-respecting, less qualified for undertaking a new venture. In short, less of a man.

The fact is that you have grossly imposed upon yourself. You have not taken into account your experience in the past; you have not considered the "psychological climate" in which you live. These are important and not-to-be-neglected factors of the situation. Your sense of values is perverted. To be quite candid, what real use is there in your getting up at 6.45? Very likely you have some inherited senti-

ment about it; it seems more virtuous to you than a more protracted sojourn in bed. But an analysis of the case will probably lead you to the conclusion that your sentiment lacks a logical basis. You did not take into consideration the specialised conditions of modern city life — the late evening hours, the nervous strain, the day's work-schedule, and all that. You were merely fighting against the stars in their courses. You aimed at a theatrical brand of goodness, not at the steady, workable, everyday sort of thing that has a part to play in practical life.

At epochs of moral housecleaning, such as are supposed to occur at the end of the old year and the beginning of the new, we are sure to become aware of many undesirable habits in our lives; we see faults that ought to be eradicated; new lines of conduct that might helpfully be pursued. The natural tendency is to undertake too much at once in the way of regeneration; to attempt the impossible task of making one's self over complete — from A to Z. In the end, that swarm of old habits, things

ingrained, some of them, into the very marrow of our constitutions, are bound to get the better of us. They can be pushed back for a time, so long as our wills can stand up to the task we have set for them; but eventually the will gets tired — "will-fatigue" — and relaxes its hold on the door; and then all the wicked old habits come pell-mell back again, much like the devil of the parable, who, after being cast out, and the house swept and garnished, returned, bringing seven other devils worse than himself. Thus the latter state of that man shall be worse than the first.

The resolution most to be commended directs itself at *doing*, not at *being*: or, to put it more precisely, at *being* as an end, through *doing* as a means. Upon a concrete, objective thing-to-be-done, one can fix attention — aim the attack: *here is a particular habit to be cultivated in this or that particular way.*

Pious resolutions to lead a better life during the coming months are not usually of great efficiency, just because they do not supply one with a handle that can be

gripped; it is a "fuzzy-minded" programme of self-betterment.

By the same token, a resolution to be more cheerful is not so commendable as a resolution to tell at least one breezy story at the breakfast table every day for a month. A resolution to be a better neighbour has less to say for itself than a resolution to make at least one call per week. A resolution to take better care of one's health has less chance of holding its own against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune than a resolution to spend at least half an hour in the open air every week day.

In estimating our capacity, however, we should not forget that there are various external props and safeguards to take advantage of. Not everything need depend on the will-to-be-good.

A man *ought*, perhaps, to go to his office every day. But that is n't why he does it. It does not occur to him to ask himself whether he ought to go or not. He 's *got* to go: his salary, his reputation, his self-respect — all these are forces that give

him a shove out of the front door, even when he feels the least ambitious.

So with certain good resolutions. I once asked a man who stands to-day in the forefront of contemporary philosophic thought, how he managed to get as much accomplished as he did. I knew him well. I knew that he was normally lazy.

He said: "I load my waggon at the top of the hill; then I get in front of it, and we start down. I have to keep ahead — that 's all."

What he meant was, not that he loaded his waggon foolishly; but that, taking his health, his strength, his other obligations into account, he decided what more it was wise for him to undertake, and then he put himself under bond, as it were, to undertake it. He would accept certain invitations to lecture; then he had to do it; and he was a splendid lecturer. He would agree with his publishers to have a book ready by such and such a time — then he got it ready. There was no way out of it. He would pay a certain fee to take a course at a university; and then he was sure of

going to the lectures, not only to get his money's worth, but also to save his pride.

That man's resolutions were practical — constructive — because he provided himself with the machinery of carrying them through. He did n't let the matter depend upon the nagging of a frail and too easily seduced conscience. It was good campaign tactics: estimating the exact strength of the energy, and then making the utmost of available resources.

Resolutions like that, made under sane conditions of perspective and self-knowledge, are aids, never hindrances, to efficiency.

MENTAL EFFECTS OF A FLAT-TOP DESK

CHAPTER IV

NOT long ago in the office of a leading American publishing house I noticed that the roll-top desks had all been removed, and that instead, the entire force, from stenographer to head of department, sat before desks with flat tops. When I asked about it, they said:

"It expedites business. Take the case of a claim that must be passed along from one hand to another until it has been corrected and O. K.'d five different times. Now if that claim can get stuck in a pigeonhole anywhere — a thing that used to happen right along — it 's likely to be forgotten. The result is delays and confusion and ragged business generally. But if there are n't any pigeonholes and it has to lie in plain view on top of the desk, it can't be forgotten until it 's attended to."

"But it must make a mess on the desks," I objected.

"That 's the very point," was the answer.

"No chance for a mess. We get things cleaned up."

Since that conversation my own desk has been a different affair. The occasions have been few when I have left it at night without knowing exactly what was there and why it was there and what was to be done with it next. At the end of each day I can render a rough inventory of the contents. The convenient dark corners where I liked to stuff things out of sight — out of mind — do not exist any more.

For those who have ears to hear, the flat-top desk has a moral. It stands for a principle which is applicable throughout one's mental life. It stands for definite, clearly marked stages — stopping-points — breaking-off places.

Dr. Adolph Meyer, one of the most distinguished alienists of the present day, has made the observation that among the untransmitted causes of insanity none counts for more than the big idea, the idea that can never be fully made over into concrete reality for the very reason that it is so big. The far-reaching scheme,

the still unsubstantiated venture, the revolutionary theory, the momentous but unperfected invention — all have it in them to take possession of a man; they hold him day and night; he can't get away.

The man with the small everyday ideas keeps his balance not primarily because his nervous system is of a more stable character — though that may be true too — but chiefly because his little ideas work out directly and successfully; he can get them done with and out of the way. His jobs are *finishable*. He enjoys good mental health.

The man who is working over a big, complex, engrossing proposition shuts himself away from liberty until he can put his *q. e. d.* to the end of it. His thoughts are never free. The thing in his mind tends to grow more real to him than the concrete things outside; it drives other realities out of the field; it upsets his mental equilibrium.

The way back to healthy-mindedness is to be learned from the man with the finishable jobs. His habits of definite accom-

plishment — and then freedom — must be acquired somehow. But this is not to be done by sacrificing the big affairs on the schedule. It 's a matter of getting at them right.

The big problems can be split up. They are always reducible to fractions — at least for practical purposes they are — and each fraction can be dealt with separately. We do not need always to keep ourselves staring at the whole, worried by its magnitude and its difficulty and its imperative claims.

I remember when I had a first book to write. I kept trying to get at it; but every time I began to put my mind seriously on the business, the very size of the undertaking, the amount of labour involved, scared me away. The thing grew to be a sort of nightmare. Then finally I made a discovery: I did not have to write that whole book at once. It was to be made up of chapters, and I had the material for a first chapter all in hand. I thought only of that chapter — a perfectly practicable and attractive occupation — and almost

before I knew it, the chapter was written. It was not at all the hard work I had imagined. And then the second chapter became practicable, and the third; and thus the book came into being.

So long as I looked at that work in the lump, I was rendered helpless by it; but so soon as I broke it up into parts, and gave myself definitely to the accomplishment of a part, I was master.

Taking one's work in reasonable "stints" is the thing I am recommending: bundles of work that can be finished. Set yourself at some definite subdivision of the total problem; something that you are able to put through in a piece; and then put it through. Make the breaking-off place sure. When you reach that point, you have a specific accomplishment to your credit; and that 's an encouragement for the thing that 's ahead.

If you have ever gone on walking expeditions you know how important it is to make goals. Suppose it 's a tramp of three hundred miles or so that you are setting out on. Your first impulse, especially if

your time is limited, is to walk as far as your strength allows each day. But that does not work. Every afternoon you have to decide afresh when you have really reached the fatigue-point. Perhaps you are not quite tired enough to stop yet, you think. On the other hand, perhaps you are. How determine? You think of the hundreds of miles still to be covered, and you decide to keep on a while longer. A day comes when you are excited, or unduly ambitious and, without perceiving it at the time, you overwalk yourself. The subsequent night you do not rest; fatigue becomes cumulative; and your pilgrimage is likely to end in disaster.

Old trampers get the habit of studying a map carefully before they start, blocking out the route into reasonable walking days, with ample allowances for grades and bad roads and the like. Of course the plan often goes awry in certain details; but in its main outlines it is practicable; it can be followed, and it works where the plan of go-as-you-please fails.

Fatigue does not come so quickly when

you have set your eye on a certain definite point of attainment, something you know to be within your compass. The proximate goal is as much a psychological necessity as the ultimate goal.

A conclusion may be arrived at either by positive or by negative means; the main thing is that you do arrive at it. Sometimes it happens that you run foul of a problem that you can't solve at all. In that case you are better off for admitting to yourself that it 's beyond you. That 's an intelligent breaking-off place. You can let the problem go by, at least for the present, without further concern.

The finishable-bundle habit guarantees between-strain intervals. When you quit your desk at night with the assurance that everything has been brought to a definite stopping-place, and that to-morrow you 'll know just where you stand with reference to the day's work, you can really rest. It 's a very different state of mind from the one that comes when you pull down the cover over a mussy array of odds and ends, and run. "Something accomplished, some-

thing done, has earned a night's repose" — that 's what they said, you remember, about the Village Blacksmith; and a truer word was never spoken.

It 's precisely this *repose* that gives you the first lien on to-morrow. You have a chance to stand off and take a look at things and size them up. You can estimate cash values.

The greater the pressure under which a man works — the greater the actual count of his responsibilities — the more essential is it that he should be able to get away from them. The consciousness of freedom is a thing that stays there in the back of your mind, even when you are smashing and driving away at your work; and it 's a saving knowledge. It brings confidence, helps you keep balance — this sureness that there's a rest-time ahead which nothing short of fire and flood and another break in stocks can disturb.

The flat-top desk, cleared of the day's debris, clean and fresh for to-morrow's new duties, or for its new instalments of old duties, is a symbol worth bearing in mind.

The brain of the man who has taken its moral to heart keeps fresh and clear because it earns its night's repose. The joy of success is in just this daily conquest of definite problems; and every such conquest is an inspiration for the next. Most of the big victories when looked at closely turn out to be only the piled-up result of many small victories, such as are always achievable in the well-directed manœuvres of each separate day.

THINKING THAT ARRIVES

CHAPTER V

A GREAT many people are afraid of the complexity of modern life. They long for the wings of a dove — for anything, in fact, which would enable them to flee from our many-sided and highly-organised world of to-day and get back to simple habits and simple needs — in short, "back to nature," whatever that may mean. Such longings are wasted for the most part. In a day of apartment-houses and telephones and prepared foods and domestic science, complexity must be accepted.

And after all, why should we hesitate to accept it? Every new complexity means a new opportunity. The myriads of new ties that modern civilisation thrusts upon us make possible a life fuller and richer than ever before. All the finest products of the past are at our disposal. All the knowledge and beauty of the world lie at our doors. Nothing is to be gained by fleeing: every-

thing is to be gained by joyfully recognising these possibilities and taking hold of them.

The other side of the case is clear enough, of course. It is undeniable that every new complexity means not only a new opportunity but a new problem as well; and it is no fault of ours if sometimes we experience a sort of dazed and helpless feeling in the face of it all. I have a woman friend who impresses me as being always in that state of mind. You feel as if somehow she had lost her place in the procession, and were in a perpetual scramble to catch up once more. But the procession keeps on the move; and there she is, invariably a little distance behind, panting, and out of breath, and red in the face. She never seems quite sure of what she 's after; everything confuses her. It 's an aggravated case of what we have referred to as "fuzzymindedness."

Scarcely one of us whose life is n't crowded with plans and responsibilities to the point of being altogether swamped by them — if once they actually get the upper hand. *Things* will exercise that tyranny if we let them.

Take the case of the mother in a modern

home. Merely the care of the children's clothes is enough to use up all her time — the planning and buying and making over. But there is the house to be looked after, too, and the table to be provided for. As a housewife she needs to be informed about modern sanitation and hygiene — sterilisation, antiseptics, disinfectants, something of dietetics; and she ought to understand the special constitution of each member of her family — what foods bring the results, what predispositions and weaknesses must be guarded against. She must have some share in her children's school-life as well as in their outside interests — music lessons, perhaps, or athletics, or dancing class. Then there is the never-to-be-solved "domestic problem." And a woman's own personal needs; how much reading shall she make time for? — how much recreation, and of what sort? — how can she best help her husband in his business? — shall she be active in club or parish work? — and so on. There is no end. In the midst of so many cross-currents it is not easy always to keep one's bearings.

Fuzzymindedness, I dare say, is as old an affection as appendicitis; but modern conditions seem to favor both of them. Fuzzymindedness is a loss of perspective; it means that there are no clear edges to what we see or think or feel. A penny, if you hold is close enough — will shut out the sun. Fuzzyminded persons can't tell the difference between what is big and important and what is of no more account than a cent.

The conclusion of the whole matter is, that if one kind of simple life — the kind that longs for a cot in the wilderness — is out of the question for us to-day, there 's another kind that we must make our own, or else live in a chaos. We must get hold of some workable, everyday, simplification-process which will help us keep our balance.

The first step, I believe, in mental hygiene is to sort over the loose material of one's mind and tie it up, as it were, in separate parcels, with labels on them. Life is too big and too complicated to cope with as a whole: it simply overwhelms and dazzles. Wheat and tares, junk and jewels,

the important and the worthless, are all there; every day flings them before us in utter confusion; and there is no meaning in it all until we have picked it over. Then the worthless things and the trivial things can be put where they belong. The number of them is astonishing; and if one gets tangled up in them it is hard to break free. More little jobs, for example, are lying around, waiting to be done, than can by any possibility ever get done — that is, if the big remainder of life is going to receive any decent amount of attention; and if the relative unimportance of these little jobs is not understood; if one cannot keep them under control, deprive them of power to harass and torment, they destroy perspective — sanity — faster than anything else.

The way to master them is to resolve to let them go. Not all of them, of course, but enough of them — and the right ones — so that there will be room in your life for other things, things that mean growth and happiness. There is a type of housekeeper that insists upon scrubbing the

steps every time they have been profaned. We do not greatly admire that type of housekeeper. True, the steps may actually have the marks of feet upon them; but how about relative values? Life goes on tolerably well even so.

To keep a house perfectly clean is more than any woman can do; and a woman whose sense of achievement in life is dependent upon that impossible ideal — fails. The details of life so utterly surpass all human power that we can never dream of completing them; and if we never stand back to view things, as they say, "in scale," we are lost.

One mother of my acquaintance has found a very practical means of getting her problems into perspective. There are several girls in her family — the oldest of them nearly through the high-school — and their home is an eight-room apartment in the city. To an untrained masculine eye no fault is to be found with the look of things there; but apparently that is not the whole story. One day she said to me:

"Nobody knows how I dislike to see my

house in such a condition. I was brought up, you know, to be a model housekeeper. And I should so enjoy doing a lot of dainty work on the girls' clothes. But I have learned to put it this way to myself: Ten years from now what will my girls be most grateful for in their mother's thought for them — that she made them lots of pretty dresses, or that she tried in every possible way to be their comrade and inspiration, keeping her own mind alive and growing, and having a real share in their various interests?"

That woman has found herself. She is living a rich, beautiful, efficient life, and her children and her husband are proud of her.

There is virtue in daring to put up with imperfection. The ability to select what is of main importance and to keep from worrying about the rest — there 's nothing more fundamental in the whole art of living.

The practical conclusion is take some unhurried time and think through the relative importance of the various parts of your work, of your life. Think it out

and put it on paper. Make a drawing in perspective, assign the proper time to each element, then even when so hurried or worried that the plan seems distorted, *stick to it.* Know that the plan was made when you had your best planning ability at work and that it is a better guide than the immediate impressions of hurried hours and days.

"PUT IT ON PAPER"

CHAPTER VI

FUZZYMINDEDNESS is just as likely to attack our feelings — the emotional part of us — as it is our brains. Feelings tend all the time to be vague and irresponsible; and that means that they are more likely to lead us off on a wrong scent. They must somehow be subjected to the same clearing process as our thoughts; they must be sifted, judged, criticised. But it is even more puzzling to get at them effectively, because they seem to be so intensely a part of our very nature; we cannot separate them from us easily, and put them under inspection.

Feelings that do not give us a push toward useful action, of one sort or another, are not worth having. To yield to them means weakness — self-indulgence. Suppose I get out of bed in the morning with a feeling of great depression; everything looks dark; I am sure that the day is going to be a failure. Does that feeling point me any-

where? Does yielding to it increase the value of my day's output?

It may be a danger-signal, of course; it may tell me that my digestive processes are not right. If so, that is a fact that I must take into consideration in laying out my day's programme. I may choose an afternoon of golf or some other outdoor occupation instead of the indoor work I had thought of. But that is not giving place to the emotion.

It is simply examining it, asking what it means — what its "cash value" is. I have proved myself the master of that emotion just as when I weeded out my useless ideas. It's another attack on fuzzymindedness.

Suppose any one of us comes suddenly face to face with a flagrant case of child-slavery — some thin shrunken boy or girl whose life is being sapped by harsh work. That sight rouses in us, if we are normal human beings, and most of all if we have children of our own, a burning indignation; and the indignation will find vent somehow. One way is to let it blow itself off in an

explosion of hasty words, and to let that be the end of it. But it is n't by such means as that that child-labour laws have been put through hostile legislatures.

I can make my emotion count constructively if I will only turn it into the effective channel; but it needs the direction of intelligence. Theatrical emotions do not count in real life. Emotions can be made to accomplish work just as the heat of a fire can be made to turn an engine, or, on the other hand, that heat may be allowed to drift uselessly out of the chimney and accomplish nothing.

The thing that I must try for is the ability to "externalise" my feelings, and judge them squarely.

That can be done, if one is determined to do it. The best rule I know for getting a grip on them is this: "Put them on paper." Make a written statement of your feelings — not for the literary benefit of posterity, but for your own profit right here and now.

Take the case of sudden anger. The stimuli toward shutting the jaws tight and

clenching the hands go out instantly from the lower brain and spinal cord. But remember the formula. Get a sheet of paper, take out a pencil, and write down the cause of your anger — whether it is justified or not — and what appears to be the best way of treating it — not merely what you feel like doing on the impulse of the moment, but taking into due consideration your own character and place and the other person's character and place, and the ultimate result you want to come out of it. You may find that your anger is amply justified, and that a certain course of action is involved; but you are doing a very different thing in that case from making a blind plunge.

You see the advantage right away. Instead of running the emotion directly into action — a process which we might call the short-circuit process — we long-circuit it, run it up through the brain fibres, pass it through the intellectual sieve, and then turn it back again into action. And if the emotion was an unworthy one, it will very likely have died out in the process. And

if it was the real thing — sincere, and reasonable, and constructive — it will only have gained reinforcement.

I don't mean, of course, that exactly this programme is always practicable. If the house is afire, you can't stop to count your heart-rate and write it down. But even then, if you want to act effectively, you must do something more than simply give way to your instinctive "reactions" — which might very well be to run away or to lose all self-control through excitement. The people who bravely rescue sofa-pillows at a fire, and throw crockery from the sixth-story windows are the people who cannot get outside their feelings.

But the things that usually disturb our emotional balance are the small worries of daily life: remarks people make to us that we feel sure are unjustified; the small impositions to which we are — or think we are — subjected; the momentary impulses of generosity that may be entirely unwise and useless when we look at them closer. If we can control these things we shall have gained a notable victory.

Put them into written words. The very putting them into words defines and clarifies the view. Putting them into written words seems to make them objective. You can look at them as if they belonged to some one else and judge of their real value.

MANAGEMENT OF THE FEELINGS

CHAPTER VII

IN a given space of time you can waste more energy through the medium of an undesirable emotion than in any other way I know. It is worse than wasted too. Without even considering how a fit of anger may hurt one's friends, how it may mar the most beautiful relationships of one's life, it is enough just to take into account the disastrous effects it may have upon one's own physical and mental well-being.

Here is the first-hand record of a woman of my acquaintance, a woman who has trained herself to an intelligent understanding of her own mental life—she is the opposite of "fuzzyminded"—and is thus able to give an adequate documentary account of an emotional crisis.

She had been living for some time, she writes, under the strain of unusually hard work—she is a teacher and an eager student.

"It was on a Saturday evening at the end of the day and week. I was tired out and in low spirits. I was in the mood to 'let things go'; and that is just what I needed. If I could have had a day or two of relaxation and quiet, I believe it would have brought back my balance; but instead I was confronted with a domestic problem that demanded judgment and decision. My mind did not readily follow. Various plans were discussed between my sister and myself; but it was apparent that our views were irreconcilable. My sister's plan was not really practicable, and I am sure ultimately she would not have followed it; but in my unreasonable mood her persistence was the last straw.

"Instantly came the impulse to say something cutting and, irritated as I felt, I made no effort of resistance. I do not recall the exact words — perhaps it is just as well; in effect they were that I did not care in the least what might be my sister's opinion, that I would have nothing more whatever to do with the matter, that she need not mention it to me again. My

voice was raised in pitch and I think I screamed. I know that I stamped my foot, and that my hands were clenched. Although I did not see my face in a mirror, I feel sure that I was pale."

From the psychologist's point of view, this is almost an ideal case of the anger crisis—"brain-storm"—if you like. All the preliminary stages are clearly indicated — the prolonged irritation, the sullen resistance, the consequent "will-fatigue," and finally the break-down of self-control, and the volcanic upheave of emotion — the shrill voice, clenched hands, incoherent language, and all. She goes on:

"The effect of this outburst was not so marked as I had expected. Indeed I discovered that I had been merely childish and ridiculous; and that discovery did not improve my state of mind. Without further words I hurried from the house and walked very fast to the nearest subway station, wondering where I should go. While waiting for a train I paced rapidly

up and down the platform; but then, realising that this might make me conspicuous, I stood still, feeling very helpless and miserable."

After doing an unimportant errand uptown, she went back home, still excited and unstrung, and retired to her room. She tried to read but could not. She wrote an apologetic letter to her sister. "I was apparently calm, but held tenaciously to *my* opinion; it was a cold letter, and I knew I was doing an utterly senseless thing to write it, that I should regret it later; but in my unbalanced state of mind, I did not listen to judgment."

After that she went to bed, and though she fell asleep at last, the sleep brought no rest. Sunday she went to church, but got no help from so doing. All through the day her exhaustion and depression increased; and that night she was taken ill with headache. This condition was aggravated on Monday. On Wednesday a sore throat and cough developed — and it was not until the following Sunday

that she was in a normal condition once more.

"And so," she concludes, "I have practically paid by a whole week's indisposition for a fit of anger, the crisis of which lasted only a few minutes."

This does not mean, of course, that the emotional disturbance was the *whole* cause of the illness. If the woman's condition had been up to par at the start, she could perhaps have recovered from the shock without physical disaster. But even then it would have been a costly experience, followed — as would inevitably have been the case — by exhaustion, mortification, and remorse — all of which are "sick" states of mind.

How are we going to get these injurious emotions into our power? We can give direction to our thoughts by an effort of will, but feelings continually override us: a fit of anger sweeps us away before we realise what has happened: a fear bowls us over, renders us impotent.

Emotions are baffling things, but we know a good deal more about their real

nature to-day than we used to. To the older psychologists they were mysterious "states of mind" — "properties of the soul"—vague, intangible phenomena with which calm philosophy did not concern itself more than was necessary.

The chief discovery of recent years in regard to the emotions is that they are first of all "states of body." The mind has only a second-hand relation to them. It enters at the end, not at the beginning.

Think of any emotional "storm" you like in your own experience, and see if what revives most distinctly in your memory (apart from what you may have said or done as a *result* of the emotion) is not the queer "physical" quality of it; the rapid, violent heart-beats, perhaps, or the trembling of the knees, or the spinal "chill," the paralysed tongue, and certain obscure, hard-to-define disturbances in the abdomen.

In point of fact these bodily "signs" are the fundamental, the ground-bottom elements of an emotion.

It is just as true — and perhaps a little truer — to say we are embarrassed because

we blush, as to say we blush because we are embarrassed. In sensitive people the rush of blood to the face may actually precede any definite awareness of their state of mind.

You have seen small chickens crouch motionless in the grass when a hawk flew by overhead. Incubator chickens have not had a chance to learn anything about the nature of hawks. They cannot first realise that there is danger; then — consequent upon that knowledge — undergo the emotion of fear. All that happens is that their leg and neck muscles suddenly grow limp; and down they drop, in a perfectly instinctive "fear-reaction." It 's born in them. They will act just the same way if you raise an umbrella near by. In the latter case there is no danger; but the fear is identical.

I have seen a small child at a railway station, when the locomotive came up, stand absolutely motionless, with fixed eyes, paralysed by terror. There was no "thinking" in that. It was the same type of emotional reflex as in the chickens; a purely bodily thing; a fear-reaction.

We have already noticed a capital illustration of the anger-reaction. Some typical elements in anger are increased heart-rate, quickened respiration, dry mouth, clenched hands, tense arm muscles, spine drawn back into a more or less crouching posture, tight shut jaws, contracted pupils, shrill voice. And it goes much deeper than that, too.

It has been proved that *every* emotional state involves changes — greater or less — in the action of the intestines, the bladder, the various glands. The whole body alters under every emotional wave. The size of the arteries and capillaries fluctuates under their influence. The emotional life is all tied up in these organic changes. It has no existence apart from them.

Which gives us our cue to the control of the emotion.

So soon as we have followed back this vague and baffling "state of mind" to its origin in certain groups of bodily muscles, we have secured a concrete base of operations — a point of departure.

Some of our muscles are not within our

voluntary control — the heart, for example, and the muscles of stomach and intestines. Others we may control partially, such as the muscles of the eyes and lungs. Still others we have practically complete control over; the arm muscles, for instance, and those of the back, the legs, the face, the larynx, the tongue, the neck. These are subject to our will-power; we can make them do what we choose.

We have seen that under the sway of emotion these muscles tend to act in certain ways. But we can make them act in other ways if we choose.

Assume the bodily positions and movements and manners and tones of voice that belong to the emotional state you desire.

Set the switch right, and the train can be counted upon to take it.

If you are frightened and feel like running away — stand still and whistle. If you can do that — *and you can* — you will have broken the series of organic reactions that has been getting under way in your body.

The faster you run, the more terrified you

get. The louder you whistle, the more your courage grows.

Panic is the most helpless of all states of mind; it is the paralysis of intelligence. The boy with the drum — the man who whistles — the doctor who sings the comic song — that is what saves the day. And it is ultimately through *muscular control* that the thing is accomplished.

The woman whose record was given at the outset of this chapter had treated her first angry impulses in exactly the wrong way. She had fought against them. She had grown tense and heated in a struggle to stave them off. If, instead, she had consciously allowed her hands to hang quietly at her sides, instead of clenching them; if she had let the jaw muscles be easy and relaxed, instead of tight; if she had let herself drop limply into a chair, with yielding spine, and quietly remarked that she was tired and had better not try to work the problem that night — it is safe to say that the crisis would have been avoided. She would have been saved a humiliating experience and much

bodily suffering. And she could have done it.

Most of the undesirable emotions that we go through in the course of everyday life are not violent in any such degree; they come to us in diluted and mixed form. But they can be controlled by exactly the same method. Suppose you are sad and discouraged. Stand up straight; take deep breaths; discover what tone of voice is most cheerful, and make your larynx say "Good-morning" to somebody in that tone. Tell a funny story at the breakfast table, and manage your facial muscles into a smile.

That is not heroic; it is the merest common sense.

The muscles of your larynx are within your control, as are those of your jaws, lips, and face. You can make them say what you want. And if you carry the thing through consistently — persistently — you have dissipated the bodily symptoms of sadness; and the right mental state will surely follow. That can be relied upon.

The wrong attitude of mind is that which fights against the bad thing. The right

attitude is that which acts out the good thing.

Our muscles can be made to express the positive, the constructive, the joyful attitude. This is sincerity of a high type. We become the thing that we act; and if we always act the best thing that we have within our power, we are on the road to actually becoming that thing. We are living our best selves — that is all.

THE TIME TO QUIT

CHAPTER VIII

WHEN we have set out on a piece of muscular work or head work, we might expect to find a steady, regular increase in the fatigue that resulted from it — so much work, so much fatigue. But that is not the case. The "fatigue curve" is not a straight line sloping evenly upward from one corner of the chart diagonally to the opposite. Instead, it goes sharply upward at the start; then for a long distance it runs along on an approximate level; and then it takes a sharp upward turn again.

The level stage — the plateau of steady, calculable working power — where the cost in energy does not perceptibly vary, is the "second wind."

You know how it is in long-distance running. At first the fatigue increases very rapidly; a man has to push himself with all the will-power he can muster. Then all of a sudden it gets easier. It

seems as if he had tapped a big new supply of energy; and he can keep running for a long time without any great increase in his feeling of fatigue. But at last he reaches a point where the exertion tells hard again; fatigue piles up terribly fast now — so fast that unless the runner knows just how much he is good for and has figured the thing out in advance, he is likely to be "all in" before he gets to the tape. Every step makes an inroad on his reserve. The last spurt costs more than all the rest together.

If a man has covered his ground without hitting his final grade of the fatigue cure, he will get rested in a reasonably short time, and be able to do the same thing again. But if, instead, he has had to keep on, forcing every last ounce of energy into his effort, until he rolls over on the ground from exhaustion, it may take weeks for him to get into good form again. In a big race, naturally, he must be ready to do that.

There are emergencies — in everybody's life — when the merely prudent thing is n't the right thing.

If a house is afire, and a family on the

top floor is in danger, and you are the only person on the premises, you can't stand quietly aside and study your fatigue-curve. There 's a necessity for action — at any cost whatever, even of life.

A man may have a big proposition to put through, some important combination to effect, a new movement to get under way. Perhaps he is the only person fully in touch with the situation: success may depend on him. In such a case, he 's got to disregard the counsels of mere prudence. But when the price of his overstrain is demanded of him, he must stand ready to pay it.

Fortunately such emergencies are not affairs of every day. In the ordinary course of things one day's business is not very different in importance from another's, and we have no right to neglect to-morrow for the sake of to-day. The quality of to-morrow's output must not be impaired.

As a general rule, then, the time to quit is when we have come in sight of that last costly lap.

A great deal of interesting information about the nature of fatigue has been made

available through the ergograph. This is an ingenious recording apparatus devised by Professor Angelo Mosso, the great Italian scientist. It works something after this plan: you lay your hand, back down, on a little table, and to the end of one finger is attached a cord which connects horizontally over a pulley with a small hanging weight. The motion of closing the finger lifts the weight; and as this simple act is repeated over and over again, the fatigue symptoms in the finger can be observed and recorded in detail.

Now one of the significant discoveries that Professor Mosso has made is that if you keep raising the weight until your finger is exhausted, it will take just about two hours to rest it; that is, in two hours' time you can do the same amount of finger-work over again, and the least bit more.

You would imagine from this that if the experiment were repeated at the end of one hour instead of two, you could do just half the amount of work. But it 's only one-quarter as much.

That 's the price of work on top of fatigue.

It is capable of statement in the form of a ratio: One unfatigued man is to his work as four semi-fatigued men to the same work. Using all the strength you have, you can't begin to get normal results; and the strain on will and nervous energy is terrific. Carrying a thing through on "nerve" is about as costly an undertaking as a man can venture upon.

Not long ago I had some responsibility in connection with two important conventions, one of which followed close on the heels of the other. By the end of the first I was thoroughly tired out and knew that I had reached the point where, by the principles of hygiene, I ought to make a stop. But that was impossible. I had my already accumulating work in the city to get into some sort of order once more; and then came the second convention with its speeches and conferences. I could n't quit until the end.

At the end of the convention I had to go to bed for three weeks. It had taken only three days; but they were just the three days that, physically speaking, I could not

afford. They had cost as much energy as a month of hard work under normal conditions. Having nothing left to react with, I went to smash. If I had spent those three fatal days in bed, I should unquestionably have been in good shape at the end of them. But it took three weeks, instead.

Some people, especially those of nervous make-up, find it hard to tell when the breaking-off point has been reached — that is, just where the dividing line comes between energy-funds available for investment, and a capital which cannot safely be tampered with. If they get interested in their work, they lose sight of everything else, and are going on sheer nerve before they realise it.

Though fatigue symptoms vary greatly in different people, it may be worth while to mention a few of them here. Sometimes there is a flushing at the temples. That is the case with myself when I have been reading hard for two or three hours; and then I know that I ought to call a halt. I could keep on reading with undiminished interest for a good deal longer, but it would be at the price of a sleepless night.

With some persons a sure sign is the increased circulation of blood in the ears or cheeks. Others have queer sensations in the pit of the stomach — not nausea, but something akin to it.

One of the most reliable tests is the control test — holding the arms out horizontally at the sides, and noticing whether or not the hands tremble. The fatigue-condition raises the nerve-pressure gate and allows flow-overs from one nerve into another. Normally a nervous impulse goes along its nerve directly to the point of strain; but when you are fatigued the stimulus spreads into other nerves as well, and is not distinctly transmitted.

Sir Francis Galton, the great statistician, says that the best test he knows is that of restlessness, shown by muscular movements. Many times, he says, he has sat in a position where he could watch an audience as it listened to some long scientific memoir. He took notes of how people acted under the strain of protracted attention — how often they moved. At the beginning of the hour they would sit quietly; then they

would begin to move on the average of once every four seconds; then every three seconds; and he says that it is possible to trace right through any audience every degree of fatigue by the number of muscular movements made.

He has simply put together mathematically some data that are familiar to all of us. We have all seen — and, alas, been an integral part of — some audience that was trying to endure the last half-hour of an unendurable speech. Everybody was shifting his position, crossing one leg over the other or back again, moving the fingers, playing with watch-charms or chains, yawning, twitching, folding programmes, wiping eye-glasses, twisting moustaches. Those were all fatigue signs.

A loss of self-control in small things; that 's the symptom in different terms; and another name for it is irritability.

At first it seems odd that this undue sensitiveness to slight stimuli should be so sure an effect of fatigue; but it means that the resistance-gates are down, and we become aware of sensations pouring in from

all sides, slight sensations that ordinarily we take no note of because — by the laws of attention — they are quietly shut out from our consciousness. But when our attention is tired — no longer focussed, but scattering — all these slight nerve-pricks attack us insistently, and we cannot neglect them.

A noise that you will not hear when you are rested will be perfectly distracting when you are tired. You will go over and shut a window; you will walk around aimlessly; the faint cackle of a distant gramophone will make you furious. If there is a light above you at an evening lecture, it will hurt your eyes almost beyond endurance.

Instead of making the nervous system a less responsive instrument, fatigue makes it more responsive. More responsive, but less serviceable.

For at the same time that you have increased irritability you have decreased power. You can take things up, but you cannot do them hard. You can't put vim and snap into anything. You can't memorise well. You can't think consecutively;

your mind will constantly wander to something else; you have to take it by the scruff of the neck and force it on to the scent again.

Irritability: weakness — those two words belong together. A man who is constantly fatigued can't work well or live well; and he is very hard to live *with*.

To know when it 's time to quit, and to quit when it 's time, is an important lesson in the primer of efficiency.

FATIGUE AND CHARACTER

CHAPTER IX

WHEN a man is fatigued, he is literally "not himself." The qualities that go into his make-up are not the same qualities; his disposition, his tastes, his intellectual faculties, are all modified.

Into my own experience has come this case of a young college girl, and it is not an exceptional case either. Through her freshman year she did unusually good work; she stood in the upper quarter of her class — a normal, high-spirited, energetic young person of seventeen years.

During the summer vacation following that first year, she worked very hard, rising every morning at five o'clock; for in her family they had no domestic, and she always aimed to surprise her mother by getting the washing and ironing out of the way herself. She made all her own clothes for the year to come. During that whole vacation she kept herself under this strain. Then she went back to college. She

had never been a timid girl; but now, oddly enough, she suddenly developed a terrible dread of going upstairs to her room alone. Some one always had to go with her. She would look under the bed, behind the door, in the closet. The thing kept her awake at night. She stood low in her classes, but that did not seem to make any difference to her; she appeared to have lost all interest in her marks. She neglected her studies in a way that completely bewildered her friends. She had made up her mind to enjoy herself at all costs; and she succeeded in being very wretched. It was a bad year. You would not have known her for the girl of the year before.

Another summer came. She had a perfect vacation. Most of the time she lived out of doors in camp, sleeping well, eating heartily, dressing comfortably, taking plenty of moderate exercise with wholesome companions.

Back in college one more — she was a junior now — she took the lead in her class. There was not the slightest trace of that fear of the dark; she never thought of

hesitating to go upstairs alone. She had a splendid time all through the year — without making any effort for it either.

The difference between those two years was merely a difference in fatigue. Cumulative fatigue in the one case had reduced the girl's whole personality — mentally, morally, physically — to lower and cruder terms; in the other case the personality was lifted. In that junior year she was not only a better person — she was a *different* person. She possessed happiness, independence, and self-control. She belonged to another level of civilisation, one which not only held the lower things in subjection, but added higher things thereto.

Fatigue has a definite order in which it disintegrates us. It begins at the top and works down. Although this has been pointed out elsewhere, it is, I believe, worthy of re-emphasis.

In minor ways we observe the workings of the principle in ourselves every time we get thoroughly tired. The first thing that slips out of our control is the power or strength or skill that we have most recently

acquired; earlier acquisitions stick by us longer. A tired man will stumble in speaking a foreign language, while still able to talk English readily. School-children at the multiplication-table stage of their education will, when tired, forget their advanced tables long before they slip up on the earlier ones — not because the later tables have not been successfully committed, but because they have not sunk in so deeply; they are not ingrained yet; do not go of themselves. The earlier tables are rattled off with the almost unconscious facility of a perfect reflex; the later ones still involve a certain deliberate effort.

I have seen the same thing repeatedly in musicians. After severe muscular exertion, they would still be able to play correctly difficult pieces that they had long been familiar with; but they went entirely to pieces with simple things that they had been recently working on and constantly practising. Under similar circumstances I have noticed dancers forget their more newly practised steps.

These people could all do something more

difficult than the thing they were unable to do; but the more difficult thing had been learned earlier and had become thoroughly mechanised — more like an instinct, which never fails to go through its part with automatic precision once the cue is given.

Now take the racial side of it. Certain of the elements that enter into the making of us are as old as life itself — hunger, for example, the sexual instinct, self-interest, fear, and the like. Those are rock-bottom things. It is on the basis of them that countless generations of community life and parental responsibility have built up a superstructure of finer qualities; unselfishness, for example, sympathy, devotion to an idea (such as the God-idea), chastity, self-control, judgment. These are acquisitions that have been fought and suffered for, and we only hold on to them by constant exertion.

But when we are fatigued we don't exert ourselves very hard. All these less secure holdings are promptly attacked and demoralised. Fatigue lowers our control-

ability far sooner than it lowers our ability to be angry.

Tired men go on sprees. That is one result of overwork.

Just as fatigue lessens our ability to withstand diseases — which attack the physical man — so it lessens our ability to withstand temptations — which attack the moral man. This is not because the temptations are more numerous in themselves, but because there is less energy of resistance. The fact that typhoid fever takes hold of people who are overworked is, generally speaking, not because they have an excessive proportion of typhoid bacilli in their milk, but because they have not enough white corpuscles in their blood. They lack the resistance power.

The girl I was speaking of had gone back whole epochs in the history of civilisation. The fear that had laid hold of her was the world-old racial fear; the fear of the dark. And she had nothing to combat it with, having lost her self-control through fatigue. Instinct had supplanted reason.

Fatigue promptly attacks and destroys

our sense of proportion. I know no better illustration of this than the way we will leave our professional work. When I am really fatigued it is very difficult for me to go home when the time comes. It is, of course, true that there are always little things remaining to be done; but when I am especially tired I cannot distinguish between those which are important enough to keep me and those which are not. I only see how many things are still undone; and I tend to go on and on.

If I see a scrap of paper on the floor, I cannot help going out of my chair and taking time to pick up that wretched thing and put it in my waste-basket. It assumes, somehow, the same importance in my mind with that of thinking out my to-morrow's schedule. I will stay and putter about little things that do not need attention. My sense of balance, of proportion, and perspective is gone. I 've lost my eye for the cash value of things.

A man whose mind is in good condition can stand off from his work, look at it in the bulk, and say to this item, "You need

doing right away"; to another, "You 're of no account now, you can wait"; and to another, "Somebody else can look out for you."

No fatigued person can see things straight.

And the moral of that is, "Don't make any important decisions except when your mind is fresh."

With the best intentions in the world many men commit an economic sin right here. When they first reach the office in the morning they are conscious of a certain mental keenness and snap and power. And so they say, "Here is a good chance to do something that takes extra courage. I will begin the day by trying to get rid of these million and one small left-overs. Then the road will be clear for the big concerns on the schedule."

There 's nothing that uses up nervous energy faster than a long series of fussy responsibilities. When it comes time for the big things — the important decision, the diplomatic letter — these conscientious spendthrifts have neither heart nor head left for them.

The big things should be done first.

Every man at his best is a man of mark, if he only knew it. When he is up to his top range he is a man with a special power and with a special opportunity. It is a pity that he should throw away that special power on the fulfilment of small, every-day duties that do not require special power — on drudgery that could be put through with equal success when the first fine cutting edge of his mind has been dulled — for when he has done this — he has thrown away his special opportunity as well. The big thing is the opportunity for the big man.

WILL–FATIGUE

CHAPTER X

THIS driving power, this push of life, which makes a young person reach out and desire and explore, is about the most precious thing in the world. It is a thing that becomes exhausted as do other parts of ourselves. A saving of this most important function is supremely worth while. Fatigue of the will is just as real a form of fatigue as is muscular fatigue.

One of the greatest differences between individuals is this difference in the will. If people are classified according to the success which they have achieved, it will not be a classification according to their mental powers. Some of the most successful people have no more than average mental power, but they have more than average driving power — the power for hanging on. They drive themselves hard. That makes for strength of character. It is like taking an ordinary piece of machinery and making it do extraordinary work.

The same holds true in the business world. The difference between the men who have made great successes and those who have not, is not usually a mere difference in mental power. It is more often a difference in will-power. Some people are easily discouraged and they will quit easily. This is constantly noticed in the training of athletes. The men who can run the mile at a good gait are the ones who resolutely keep on. It is not so much a question as to the size of chest, leverage of the legs, height of body, or size and power of the heart. It is fundamentally a question of the willingness of the individual to force himself, not to stop, not to yield to the influences that make one lie down. Of course, a person with this strong driving power, through the use of this power will develop muscle, will develop the heart, the ability to run; whereas the person who already has a well-developed body but who lacks this driving power not only will fail to push himself, but will soon lose even the normal capacity of this high powered machine.

When a man has gone to his office and has had presented to him one problem after another, all involving certain decisions; has met many people and talked with them on subjects involving decisions and directions — there comes a time when he is fatigued in making choices, when he is fatigued in his will.

You are studying hard and the work is rather monotonous. You watch a fly on the wall. Then you have to start over again on your work. This getting under way a second time is enormously fatiguing. Study under conditions of mind wandering is a most expensive affair. Study should be done only under conditions of consecutive attention, without having to bring the mind back. It is then much less exhausting.

With many people the most serious part of any intellectual work is the getting at it. This making up of the mind many times is one of the most fatiguing things. A day's work of that type is exhausting. In climbing a mountain, the person who stops every few minutes and rests and then continues

has to overcome that initial inertia repeatedly. He does not do more muscular work than the person who climbs steadily, but he has taxed his will by having to get at his work many times.

The big things should be done when the will is fresh. The tendency is to do just the other way; we all tend to do the little things first. This is particularly so with regard to work of a creative type. Perhaps you are going to write an important report, an advertisement, a lecture, or plan out a campaign. Nearly all of us do such work better the first thing in the morning, before the routine of the day has commenced.

Fatigue is not the simple phenomenon we sometimes think it. It has many varieties, occurs in many combinations, each of which bears in its own way upon the problems of efficient living.

Take the most obvious type of all — muscular fatigue. In the laboratory you can stimulate a bit of separated muscle to contract over and over again, until finally it stops giving you any response. But if you take the muscle out of the apparatus

and give it a bath in a warm salt solution, it will begin reacting again with almost as much vigour as it had in the first place. You have washed out the fatigue. It won't keep up so long, however, this time; and a second bath will have less effect than the first. Finally you come to a point where even a bath is without effect. That is muscular exhaustion — physiologically speaking, a sharply distinct condition.

But as we are accustomed to use the term, "muscular" fatigue is not fatigue of the muscle tissue; it is merely a ready-to-hand label for a condition whose real cause is to be found elsewhere. When a nerve centre has worked a group of muscles until they refuse to respond any longer, the exhaustion may be traced back to the controlling battery; it does not lie in the muscle tissue with which it is "connected up." If you apply an electric current directly to the nerve that feeds the "fatigued" muscle, at once the muscle will respond to the stimulus; begin to work again.

Strictly speaking, then, we do not exhaust our muscles; we exhaust the controlling

batteries. The part of us that goes under first is the nervous part.

Emotional fatigue lies a little more "inward" — somewhat closer, perhaps, to our very personality — than muscular fatigue. Several times in my life I have been through one hard experience after another, losses in the family for example; and when the first shock came it seemed as if I could not endure it. Then the next came, and the next. I had no emotional force left to react with. I simply felt numb.

Another type of emotional fatigue is often in evidence at Christmas time among children. Long before the tree is unloaded of its treasures they are usually so exhausted by their burden of joy that the last additions of their pile of presents arouse in them only a languid interest.

Children make excellent laboratory material in the field of emotional fatigue, because their emotions are allowed full play as long as they last. I have seen children yield to blazing anger until they reached a point where, out of sheer exhaustion, the anger disappeared, even though

the exciting cause of it was just as much in evidence as ever. This was n't the kind of exhaustion that follows intense physical effort, such as the violent use of hands, body-muscles, motor areas. The emotional engine had simply run down. The fuel was burnt out.

Still more central in our nature is fatigue of the will. It presents some of the biggest problems a man has to face.

If it were not for will-fatigue we could all of us lead perfect lives. Any minute that I choose to do so, I can live perfectly. I can live perfectly for an hour, if I keep at it hard enough. But I am pretty sure that I could n't do it for a week. I have made the experiment more than once, unsuccessfully. The strain is too great. My will gets tired; and then it gives way. I slump down to a lower level for awhile, and my volitional faculties take a rest. There is then a leisurely stoking process.

So far as my knowledge of such things goes, there is nothing outside of us that forces us to do wrong. We fail from the inside; we haul down the flag deliberately,

by our own consent, just because we have got tired of fighting; and then the enemy walks in. I am not now referring to the making of *mistakes:* our ignorance often compels us to do that. Making mistakes is not an item that can fairly be debited to conscience. But I mean the conscious, open-eyed doing of a thing that we know is n't in line with sound morals.

Everybody is guilty of such faults; he does what he ought n't to do, and knows he ought n't to do. He says, "Bother it all, anyway! What 's the harm?" — and lets himself go. He allows himself some indulgence which he knows is injurious. Or he deliberately gives way to bad temper, after living up consistently for a long time to the Golden Rule. He could do otherwise if he tried. But he does n't try any longer; he 's tired of trying. He wants a "day off" from trying. I 'm not defending this specific variety of holiday habit, but am simply noting its existence.

For right here lies the fallacy of the doctrine of perfect living. The will can't — or "won't" — stand up to the doctrine.

It caves in. It yields to anger, to worry, to fear, to appetite, to interest — to whatever makes the loudest call at the moment of relaxation.

Afterward a time comes when we take serious account of things once more — we feel ashamed of ourselves, and make up our minds — if we are normal human beings — to put up a stiffer fight next time. And perhaps we do. That's the way life goes.

But if it were not for fatigue of the will, we could stay all the time on that best level of ours. We could always keep doing the highest thing of which we are capable, without a let-down.

I do not wish to give the impression that fatigue, whatever be its special form, is an abnormal thing, an enemy always seeking our destruction. On the contrary. It's a perfectly inevitable and normal feature of active life. Indeed, it is the price of growth. The muscle, to be vigorous and strong, must be put to hard use; and hard use means fatigue. But it is equally necessary that the muscle should be given a fair

chance to get rested, and to rebuild its broken-down tissues. Destruction: reconstruction — reconstruction on a larger scale — that is the fundamental law of growth, bodily or mental.

If we were never tired, we should never be strong.

Unquestionably, however, it is important that a man should know the dangers to which fatigue exposes him — where it makes him weak for the time being, where and how it reduces his power of resistance, what things it unfits him for, how it alters his personality. Since it is a thing which each of us has to deal with, whether he wants to or not, it 's worth our while to deal with it intelligently.

A fatigued will exposes us on every side. When there is big business on hand we cannot afford to have our powers of decision reduced or distorted. And they need not be if we have learned the lesson of will economy.

Will is a commodity that can be wasted, just like any other. You can throw it away on little things that don't count, on

petty decisions, trivialities; and when the moment comes for the important decision, it 's exhausted, and either balks, or goes wrong.

It happens occasionally, I hope, that after the close of the day's work somebody takes you out to dinner. If it 's a service *à la carte*, you know what a sweet relief it is to sit back in your chair, at perfect peace with the world, and watch your friend do the ordering. How you relish the privilege of not having to make up your mind again about anything. You look with divine pity upon him as he wanders in a daze of indecision among a hundred or two interesting-looking eatables and drinkables, each of which may well make some claim upon the attention.

Right in that matter, I take it, lies the great attraction for most of us in the *table d'hôte* meal. It relieves the mind of a problem which, after all 's said and done, is n't worth the bother of solution. In passive, care-free satisfaction you simply watch for the appearance of the various good things; and you know that the process

will go on to the end without any demands upon your decision-making faculties.

The *table d'hôte* dinner is not a very weighty illustration of my point; but it is not inappropriate, because it is just in such relatively trivial matters as that that the principle of will-economy can be most easily applied. Similar occasions recur over and over again every day in a man's work.

Everyone knows how much will-fatigue he often brings on in the effort of "getting down to business," most of all if the special business on hand is hard or unattractive. You find yourself becoming intensely interested in a conversation that is taking place across the room. Then you decide to take a few minutes off and glance through the paper again; or else you remember a certain note that ought to be got off at once. And you tell yourself that after you have got that out of the way, it will be easier to attack the other thing. But in your heart you know it won't.

So it goes on; and in the end you have lost far more than mere time. You have lost

the impetus of a good start. You have been making a long, slow, dribbling expenditure of your will-power; and when you finally do get to the job itself, you are already out of temper for it.

Needless to say, such is not the result in every case. It takes some people a long time to get warmed up to an undertaking; they always have to go through that period of preliminary fuss and bother. When this is known to be so, economy certainly requires of a man, once he is actually under way, to keep up steam on a long stretch; not to let down until he has a positive accomplishment to show. He cannot afford to have to put himself through those first costly and painful steps again; it 's an inexcusable extravagance.

Most of us Americans, however, have the ability — if we will only take advantage of it — to jump into a job quick and hard without dawdling over preliminaries. Therefore it 's the only right way for us to do. A man who takes his hard jobs on this principle will be likely to carry them through brilliantly, for his mind still has

its first freshness and keenness when he makes the attack. He is still the captain of his soul. Afterward, if he likes, he can give himself the luxury of dawdling.

Stick to the job till it is done. Do the hardest work when fresh.

REST THE WILL

CHAPTER XI

TO a person who has been suffering from a toothache or any other form of pain or disease, rest means a very different thing from what it means to the person who has been working the ergograph and has in his forearm a pain that demands rest. The thing to be rested from is always involved in any question as to the nature of rest.

When one considers the great variety of conditions that is embraced in the state of rest, the complexity of it is evident. For instance, there are many effects of fatigue — the anatomical changes produced by fatigue, changes in muscle, brain cells, glands. There are the physiological changes which occur under fatigue — the functions which when carried on too long become fatigued without any apparent material basis. Then there are forms of psychic fatigue which are due to holding one's mind consecutively upon a given subject; we think about it, think about it, until

we are fatigued. You yourself, I hope, have been in a state where you have laughed until you were so fatigued that you were exhausted and could not think of anything funny enough to make you laugh more, unless you went into irritable, hysterical laughter, which is another thing.

All these forms of fatigue require some form of rest. There are as many kinds of rest as there are kinds of fatigue. The forms of fatigue of which I have been speaking so far are forms of partial fatigue. In every form of partial fatigue there is some form of rest that is better than idleness. For example, you have worked at mathematics until you are partially fatigued. That mathematical activity is better rested by walking, tennis, music, dancing, or something else that keeps the mind positively away from the mathematical line and calls for some other power than it is by sitting down and doing nothing. The muscles of the right leg have been exhausted by some test. After suitable care, massage, cold and hot water, that leg will rest better if one does something else — exercises some

mental activity which will keep the whole self in good trim — than if one sits down and does nothing.

This law of rest seems to hold right straight through the whole of the physical, intellectual, emotional, and volitional self; but the most difficult form is in the will — rest of the will. Probably to everyone there come times when he is tired of trying. You have tried to do everything that has come along, every day, just as well as you could. You have been courteous when the children that you were teaching have been steadily and persistently mean. You have been steadfast and faithful with reference to your work. You have kept your temper when you have been misrepresented and placed in a false position perhaps by the head of the business or the principal of the school. You have kept steady grip on yourself a long, long time. Then there comes a time when you must get off alone. You feel you must; if you did n't you would yield. That is plain, straight will-fatigue.

Or take another case. You have studied mathematics, then music, history, language,

and have done some gymnastics. You have done everything, one thing after another, and you have tired that driving force which is way, way back. That is will-fatigue. You are not tired because your muscles are fatigued or because any part of the brain is particularly fatigued, but your very self is fatigued.

Life's level may be gradually changed, but in the main it stays pretty even. The waves upon its surface do not disturb its general level. Fatigue is the down-stroke of the wave. Rest is the up-stroke, and the measure of the up-stroke must be equal to the measure of the down-stroke, unless the balance of one's life is going to be lowered. After every muscular, mental, moral, volitional effort there must come a corresponding rest — not necessarily a rest in point of time, but there must be a rest, so that the self will at least come up to as high a level of efficiency as there was before.

That is illustrated in the distance races — the five mile run, for example. Athletes cannot do that every day. They cannot

possibly rest in one night enough so as to recuperate from the results of such a run. It is possible to rest sufficiently from a twenty-five yard sprint, but not from a distance run. So if they run the five miles as fast as possible, they are making every down-stroke of life's wave longer than the up-stroke. They are wasting power. In the old days of football training we all did that, and it was a ruining thing. When we spend more energy every day than we are able to make up, whether in mental work or in the emotional realm, then life's efficiency is going down.

Under that going down of the general trend of life, one is more susceptible to any germs that come along, to typhoid, to colds, to measles, to indigestion, to being cross — psychic inoculation or suggestion. The basal law is the one I have just mentioned: that rest for any given part or the whole of one's self must correspond to the nature and extent of the fatigue involved.

There is no such thing as avoiding fatigue and being healthy and vigorous, because power is only developed by using power,

by getting fatigued, by pushing one's power, which is the stimulus to the protoplasmic basis of life. Fatigue and rest must balance. If you rest too much, you are not going to develop power. If you use too much power, you will go to waste. This is the delicate balance to preserve. We ought to know ourselves well enough so that we can say, "It will pay to push ourselves so hard," just as if we were going into a five mile run. You will not race the first hundred yards as if it were a quarter of a mile. You will plan your speed, plan the expenditure of energy in accordance with the distance and time to be done; and so you will plan with reference to the length and character of the work you have to do.

Recovery must be complete. That is the evil of our city life, that we do not allow the recovery to be complete; and so we grow exhausted toward the end of the year. We do not make up. We have six days of business life and one day of rest. Every night we recover somewhat, but we work more than we can recover each day, and so we become tired on Sunday. If this one day

is used wisely, we can probably make up what we are behind and be fresh again at the beginning of the week. If we drive on that day too, it is pretty sure that we are going down and not recovering.

I know a woman, a mother of a large family, who does her own work, and who has preserved her balance and health and strength under conditions where people generally do not. When I first became acquainted with her, I asked her how she could do the muscular work, the mental work, the bringing up of the family, and not have that jaded look which most women have under those conditions. She said that she took an hour and a half to two hours per day after luncheon to lie down. Those times were inviolable; nothing could break in on them. I said, "But how are you able to do your work?" And she replied, "I get more done in two hours per day less, than I do when I work all day. I work at higher speed." She had merely discovered for herself what nearly all employers of large establishments have discovered — that a working day of fourteen

hours is ruinous; ten hours of work per day is much more effective. A man does more work in ten hours per day than he does in fourteen. I was talking with the owner of a large factory about this. He had just reduced the time from ten hours to nine, and he said that they were getting more work out of their men at nine hours than they did at ten hours per day. With a longer period of rest their work was more efficient. It is again a question of planning the up-stroke and the down-stroke. High grade work is better than low grade work. In the Bank of England in London, where there is great responsibility, it has been discovered that it is cheaper to employ the clerks only three or four hours per day. It was found to be cheaper to employ more men than it was to have these men work longer and make costly mistakes. And this is a general trend in all the civilised world: to work fewer hours.

The successful individual is that person who, among other things, has sufficient strength of will to stop working. To do this takes a degree of conscientiousness

which is pretty rare. The easy thing for a faithful person is to keep on working; the hard thing is to stop, to have the intelligence to know when the time has come.

People vary much in their reaction to rest. There are some people who can lie down for a few moments and get a real effect; other people cannot. Some people profit by working steadily, straight at a thing until it is done, and then having a long period of rest. Other people split up their periods of rest. Every person should find out if a few minutes' rest is profitable. For me the most futile way is to sit down and try to rest; I get no rest and it is an aggravation. Every time that I commence again, I must make up my mind once more, and that is fatigue. For me to take a fair gait and then to hold on to it — no matter how tired I get — till the work is done and then to rest is the more economical course. But individuals differ in things of this kind; there is no such thing as a "best way" for everybody. When you rest, rest long enough

to have it count. With some individuals that may be a brief period. With others it may be very much longer.

Every form of work has its corresponding form of rest, and for each partial fatigue there is some kind of activity which favors rest more than complete idleness would. Let me apply that. A person who has been doing work involving constant choice, who has been deciding matters all day, whose will is fatigued, will find most complete rest in some form of activity that does not exercise the will — light reading, where merely the imagination is active, or in some form of exercise in which there is little will or choice demanded. In tennis there are constant decisions; in swimming there are few. Exercise that part which has not been used. Solitaire is good for those who can play it. Two of the most brilliant men I know — intellectually brilliant — one a man of international reputation and the other of national medical reputation — spend much of their free time in playing solitaire. It is purely an automatic process; it does not involve the making of choices,

and yet it occupies the attention. Some people can get rested by playing chess. Chess for me is exactly like the problems of daily work, where there is always a situation and where I have to get out of it if I can and as well as I can.

WILL–ECONOMY

CHAPTER XII

WHEN sitting in the rear of a hall listening to an address, by giving my whole, conscious attention to what is being said, I am able to hear everything said; but at the end of the lecture I always find myself in a state of genuine fatigue. It is not a state of fatigue incident to the difficulty of comprehending. It is a fatigue wholly different from that which results when I sit in the front part of the room where I can hear easily. It is a fatigue which is due entirely to the giving of attention — a fatigue of strain, not a fatigue of the ear.

A form of the same fatigue is experienced by short-distance runners — when a man starts at the pistol shot many times and each time gets down to the mark, straining very muscle and waiting with his whole mind fixed upon the pistol shot, to the exclusion of everything else in the universe. He must give his undivided attention, for if he is thinking of his friends in the grand-stand,

or of the prize to be won, or of the nature of the work that he is going to do, or of any other thing, the period that will elapse between the pistol shot and his start will be a little longer than it would be if his attention were not divided — and it is this rapid response that settles most races between men that are evenly matched. Hence the strain of starting is primarily attention strain.

If I should draw a spot on the blackboard and ask a class of children to look at it for five minutes without wavering, it would be an exceedingly fatiguing thing for them to do, even though I allowed them to think of other things at the same time. Mere conscious control is one measure of this fatigue of the attention—consciously controlled attention. In taking this example I have chosen the simplest thing that I could possibly choose. It is not like working a muscle that is often not used consecutively for longer than five minutes; the eyes are used constantly and are always balanced. It does not require an effort to hold them up to the height of the board. If I asked the

children to look for five minutes at something above the range of the eyes, it would be another problem; but if I ask them to look straight ahead, in a position in which the eyes are in balance I am not requiring them to do anything that is muscularly exhausting, but I am asking them to do a thing which demands attention.

A friend, a soldier in the Civil War, once said that when he was seventeen years of age he had to watch a certain hole where it was expected that a Confederate spy would creep through, and he was ordered to shoot the man before he got through. He watched for a whole hour, keeping his eyes on that hole, with his gun cocked, all ready to shoot. He says that this was one of the most profoundly fatiguing experiences in his life. The feeling was not caused by the prospective shooting of a man, because he had been obliged to do that before; he was a soldier and had been in action; but it was that constant attention that was so fatiguing. He could not look off.

It is suggestive to set alongside of this the singular fact that a man can go hunting

through autumn woods from morning till night, walking like a cat among the dead leaves, ear and eye strained to the last degree — and come home at night, actually fresher than when he went out, eager for another day of it. In a case like this the attention is held just as taut as it was with the man who watched the hole in the wall through that single hour. But the difference is that, in so far as will-power has a part to play, that part is perfectly spontaneous. Attention needs no stays to hold it where it belongs. There is no conflict of opposing forces. Interest works toward the same end as will; they run parallel.

When will-power must do police service, prodding duty on, it is quick to get tired. You have had the experience, I presume, of trying to "do" some great art collection in a single visit — your only opportunity. For the first hour, or hour and a half, it was an unqualified pleasure. Your attention fixes upon each object in turn with a fresh zest; examines, compares, dissects its material; all your perceptions are quick and vivid. Then you approach what might

be termed the point of æsthetic saturation. You cannot soak up any more. And forthwith your pilgrimage ceases to be a self-propelled thing. Interest serves as a magnet no longer. Indifference rapidly turns into distaste — finally agony. Nothing but sheer will-power will keep you going the round; and the expenditure increases in geometrical ratio.

When one is going through a familiar dance, one that has been learned thoroughly, attention to it is unnecessary. When children are playing tag, there is no doubt there about their giving attention, for in playing tag if a boy does not give attention he is lost. There is no question about a person giving attention who is on the field in a baseball game. If he does not pay attention all of the time, he does not play well. This applies to every man on the field. When the batter starts to bat, he is doing just the same thing that the sprinter is doing when he gets down ready to start. But all this extreme attention given to games is not fatiguing in the sense that consciously controlled attention is fatiguing.

A function, then, of true teaching is to discover that mode of giving attention which will create a minimum of fatigue. People say that this makes everything easy for children; that they do not have to hold their attention; that it is "pampering" them; and that it is like giving them whatever they want — if they want candy, why give them candy. People say that there is nothing of the strenuous in it; and that the fine, strong fibre of the generation to which we belong was produced by doing the things that we did not want to do, but that we were made to do. Yet upon investigation it will be found that the fine men of the day, that are said to be the product of the old education, came through in a very different way from what is usually supposed. When asked as to their early education, many men will say that they found some teacher, or some teacher found them and discovered their power — gave them books, gave them inspiration, gave them vision that awakened genuine interest, so that they *themselves*, of their own interest, did the work. That is the contrast between the

fatiguing method and the relatively non-fatiguing method.

Compare the efforts of a boy who is being made to saw wood, who is not doing it willingly, with the efforts of a boy who is sawing wood because he wants to, because it is interesting.

People say that there is no heroism in doing the thing that one wishes to do. Severe football training is not fun. The hard routine and the banging and the bruising have in them few, if any, elements of pleasure. And yet, boys who have never had anything but mush in their backbones will develop spine under this gruelling process.

No one would be willing to drive a boy to continue riding in a five-mile bicycle race when at the end of the third or fourth miles he is exhausted, when things are going black before his eyes, when his heart is pounding and it seems as if the walls of his ears would burst, and the back of his throat hurts. And yet that boy will drive himself. Here, certainly, are great attention and effort. He is calling upon the very founda-

tion of his self-control. Is this a state of character less strong than if he were ambling along gently at a pace of six miles per hour, going along at that rate because he would be "licked" if he did n't? The question is absurd. The ultimate question is this: Is he going to master life and drive himself, or is he going to yield to others?

A victorious army can march and march with relatively little exhaustion, while the men in a defeated army will fall and die by the thousands. The reason is that one is under the inspiration of interest, and the other is under a feeling of compulsion. One army is dominated by fear and discouragement — the other by victory. Which army is doing the harder work? The one that is working under interest.

Professor Maggiora, as was pointed out in referring to Mosso's study of "Fatigue," discovered that if he worked his forearm muscle in the ergograph until it was exhausted, it took him two hours to become completely rested, that is, in two hours he could do just as much work

again. He also discovered that with but one hour's rest, he could only do one-quarter as much work. That is, expressed mathematically, the power to work increases as the square of one's recovery from fatigue.

Will and nerve power are needed in some such ratio as the square of fatigue. The meaning of that with reference to conduct is that it is unwise to work to the point of exhaustion. I once had the grippe and had to go to bed for three weeks — because I did not quit when I was thoroughly tired. I went on for only three days, but those were three days that I could not afford. I went on to exhaustion from which it took a long time to recover. No doubt those three days took as much energy out of me as would a month of the hardest kind of work. That is, the amount of will and nerve that was needed to take me through those three days increased as the square of fatigue. I was done for; I had nothing to react with. If I had spent those three days in bed, I should have been well. As a policy in life, there are rare occasions which demand our working to the limit of our

ability, but the conditions which compel us to this point of exhaustion are rare. For example, the house is on fire and the family all upstairs. You want to go and get them, whether you are nearly exhausted or not.

Relatively short periods of high tension work accomplish better results than the long periods of low level, dawdling work. To work hard and then rest thoroughly is sane and wholesome.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be that when you do what you want to do, you do more, and do it more effectively, than when you do what you don't want to do. The man who drives his work counts for more, succeeds better, than the man who is driven by it. The great men sweep forward, surmounting every obstacle, on a high, buoyant wave of belief, of passionate enthusiasm. No sacrifice is too great in their eyes, because of the devotion they have to the thing aimed at.

When a man is engaged in a work that he does not believe in, heart and soul, a work that does not draw him in a large sense, calling out the best efforts of which he is

capable, he has not yet found his right sphere. The constant summoning of will-power, sense of duty, moral resolution, what not, to help one, is a constant tax upon one's central resources—keeps up a state of mental maladjustment, prevents the most praiseworthy endeavors from attaining anything like adequate fruition. Will power working parallel with interest, love, ambition, curiosity, is tenfold more efficient than will power working counter to any of these great inner propulsions. Great results come when they mutually reinforce each other.

I have attempted to show in this chapter,

(1) That there are two sorts of attention, one the conscious kind, exceedingly fatiguing; the other the unconscious kind, not fatiguing to the will. One of the great arts of life consists in so interesting one's self in one's work that it is accomplished under the directions of unconscious effort, rather than by the tight rein of a consciously driving will.

(2) That the will is taxed far more when it works under conditions of fatigue than when it is rested.

This whole question of fatigue is a question of one's attitude toward life. It is a question whether you are going to do things because you have got to do them and thus exert conscious control, or whether upspringing from necessity there is this love that just sweeps you along. And this is measurably within one's control.

THE NEED OF ADEQUATE WORK

CHAPTER XIII

A MUSCLE to be healthy must contract, a gland to be healthy must secrete, a nerve cell to be healthy must discharge. That is, health in each of these cases depends on their doing work that is adapted in kind and extent to the power available. This is a general law applicable to all of one's powers, mental, moral, social, and indeed to one's self as a whole. Every person to be really healthy, balanced, and sane needs adequate work of such a character as to occasionally call for all of his power.

Hence the truth of the old saying, "Blessed is the man who has found his job." He is blessed not merely because he is going to help the world, although he may do that too, but blessed because he has found *his* job and in this discovery has gotten onto a level of sanity. The person who has not something to do that will give him the consciousness of being needed, who feels

that he can stay out of the game of life and nobody would miss him, is in an unwholesome state of mind. We all need to be needed. It is one of the great stimuli of life. Every once in a while we hear of some one committing suicide because there was a feeling of not being necessary. This consciousness of being needed is one of the great moral ballasts of life.

It is worth noting that in the most intelligent treatment of the insane it is the custom, where the condition of the patient allows it, to assign him regular work and regular responsibilities suited to his powers. This method has proved efficacious in many cases in restoring mental balance. It re-arouses in the patient's mind the feeling of being needed; it helps him to fit into the rational scheme of things again. His power of assuming responsibility is small, of course; but as his power increases, the responsibilities increase likewise.

Again, in saying, "Blessed is the man who has found his job," the important word is *his*, the job that was intended for him, that comes up to his measure, or just so

far exceeds it as to draw out the very best that is in him; the job that could n't have been done so effectively by anyone else in the world. To have discovered a job like that is about the most blessed thing that can happen to a man.

Suppose a man is known to be endowed with unusual executive ability. If he allows himself to stick to a bookkeeper's desk year after year, we cannot help regarding him with a certain contempt. Perhaps he lacks the courage to take a risk and to throw himself with vigour and confidence upon the bigger problem; perhaps he has persuaded himself that the big thing is n't so important after all, that in the end one job is as good as another; or perhaps he is "plain lazy." Anyway, he does not win our admiration, because we know that he has missed being the man he might be; that by so much as he fails to make use of his special gifts, he has failed to realise himself. A man has no right to stay in a little work if a bigger work is waiting for him.

The man who hid his talent away in a napkin (he *had* the talent) was not praised

for it. No kingdom was given to him. Yet it is easy to imagine the excuses he might have made to himself — and plausible ones, too.

"There is always so much that needs doing in my garden," he might have said. "My onion bed is so large that just as soon as I get it weeded once, I always have to begin over again. How can I be expected to be studying the market or planning investments? Perhaps next year I may have a little more leisure."

And so he failed. He had had talent entrusted to him, and it was his business to make the most of it. Instead he neglected it for the sake of small responsibilities which, while perhaps real, might nevertheless have been born, just as well by somebody else. He could have hired a small boy to work in his garden.

That oft-recommended motto about doing "ye nexte thing" has a measure of truth in it; but it also hides a fallacy. If we always stop to do the next thing, we shall never get on to the most important thing of all. Next things can often wait.

What every person needs to know is that there is some one superimportant thing for him. He has a special place in the world, and a special work to do, no matter how hopelessly "average" he has got into the habit of thinking himself. "Averageness" is merely a habit of mind, an excuse we have devised to account for our lack of enterprise and achievement; and in nine cases out of ten it is not true to the inner facts of our nature.

But most men will sooner or later find work that is adequate to their powers. A man in a small position here in America, if he has genuine power, has pretty good opportunity for that power to show itself in the end. There are for him many opportunities for outside study, so that he may progress in his work and advance in various directions. The case of women, however, is rather more difficult.

There is at the present time in this country and all over the civilised world a great feeling of unrest among women. People are so troubled about it that it seems worthy of serious consideration. Women

are forming clubs. They are reaching out into all the cultural elements of civilisation. They are taking hold of charities as never before. There is more unrest than there ever has been with reference to married conditions, with reference to financial conditions, with reference to the relations of people to each other — so much so that the situation has produced the "woman's movement" of the age. The conditions of the home have been so modified, the work of the world has been so largely taken out of the hands of women, that the sense of responsibility does not rest equally upon the man and the woman in the family.

Of course, the difficulty can be very prettily stated as Lowell gives it in the lines:

> He sings to the wide world
> And she to her nest;
> But in the nice ear of nature
> Which song is the best?

But that does not solve the problem, for when the man organises the great bulk of women's activities and takes them away from her, so that the home is no longer the centre of the family life, then it is most

inevitable that woman — not because she is woman — but because she is human, shall seek opportunity for the exercise of her power elsewhere.

Far back in the primitive days of the hunting tribes it was the women of the community who superintended and carried out its agricultural undertakings — planting and tilling and harvesting. It was an exacting responsibility, one that developed power. In Homeric times the women of the household did the weaving; it was a work of infinite dexterity.

Our grandmothers and great-grandmothers had a large share of the actual work of the community. There was carding and spinning and weaving, dairying, gardening, quilting, tailoring, candle-making, and carpet-making. There was work which made strict demands upon every faculty; imagination, enterprise, endurance, loyalty — it was an adequate medium of self-expression.

Since then conditions have changed to an almost inconceivable degree. The probability is that woman still has the plan-

ning to do; there is an infinite number of details that she must have an eye to; there is the routine of the housework to be gone through with. But she is far from being in the older sense, the "home-maker."

What is there in the modern home that she can do to express her sense of beauty? In the old days the women wove the cloth and determined the colours. In the old days, women had artistic opportunities in connection with the making of fancy work. Women nowadays have no time for creative fancy work — that demanding a knowledge of design and color, and where these are applied, as for example, to a dress. It is getting to be more and more customary for women to go down to the shops and buy — not only the cloth, but the made shirt-waists and dresses. Less and less does woman's æsthetic self have opportunity to show itself in the American home. Of course, she can hang the pictures on the wall; she can arrange the rugs on the floor; but she has had nothing to do with the manufacture of the rugs, the creating of the patterns, and the making of the goods.

Few women do handwork of an æsthetic character.

The modern woman does no skilled handwork of an industrial character. Sweeping and dusting are not skilled handwork. The sewing that is done in the home cannot be called skilled. The skilled work is done by the dressmaker, by the tailor. The cooking that is done in the home is not the skilled cooking of our grandmothers; it is relatively unskilled. The modern American woman does not put up her preserves in summer from fruit that she herself has gathered. She buys food already cooked and canned. The modern woman does not have to take care of a coal fire; she turns on the lever and lights the gas. The modern woman is fast losing even the spring housecleaning. She has one of these vacuum machines come around to clean the house for her.

So the work that has in the past afforded opportunity for the expression of her personality is rapidly being taken away. There is less and less opportunity in the modern home for power to show itself. Notice the

relation of the mother to her children. Education has pretty well gone out of the home, while formerly it was predominantly carried on by the mothers. We have now given it to men and women who have specialised on teaching. Not much moral instruction is now given in the home. Children are supposed to get it through the Sunday school. The home is no longer a religious centre as it was for many ages. The home is no longer the centre of the play of the children; city children must play either in the playground or in the street.

So woman's work apparently has been changed. She has had most of the opportunities that bring out the higher qualities taken away, leaving chiefly the drudgery. Hence restlessness is inevitable, and it is a desirable restlessness, because it makes women reach out to bring to bear the other powers that they have. The personality is feeling out for the opportunity to live a higher life. A woman becomes wearied of doing small things, of doing drudgery, when she has power to do higher things.

As far as I know, this feeling of unrest is stronger among women than it is among men, and the feeling exists among women who have not found adequate work, women who could do greater things if they had the opportunity. When a man with large power is doing a routine, clerkship job he, too, is restless. He feels power which he is not using, and life does not seem as if it meant much. He is restless, not because he is a man, but because he is a human being with power.

It is equally so with a woman. For the attainment of balance, steadiness, self-control — all the higher powers of the personality — one must assume adequate responsibilities. Every human being needs the adequate demand upon his whole nature, his whole power; and if the work of the home or the work of the school, or the work of the office does not demand it, then there will result a mental and emotional disturbance and constant unrest. That feeling must be satisfied, that fundamental service to humanity must be found which will call into play all the energies of a woman's

nature, because wholesome, sane living is not achievable in any other way.

I am not assailing the old-fashioned doctrine that woman's sphere is the home. But that the home is all of woman's sphere is by no means a corollary. A woman has to work out her own salvation as well as a man; she has talents and possibilities of accomplishment which may be altogether outside of the home.

If a woman is doing work which any woman could do just as well as she, she has not found *her* job. There is waste in her efforts; she is missing her chance to do something which because it exactly coincides with her own special talents, tastes, training, or opportunity, is — or would be — a more real contribution to the total work of the world. To tie one's self down to work which does not call forth one's very best is, in the end, to diminish the range and worth of one's life.

In every community are to be found women who have "found their jobs," in philanthropic work, in educational service, in household decoration, or in any other

piece of work that fits them, work in which they can express themselves fully. Then there is quietness, rest, strength.

Look at the work of such women as Virginia Potter in connection with Stonywold, of Grace Dodge, who has accomplished so much in organising the working girls of New York, of Catharine Leverich, who got under way all that soldier's "first-aid" work at the time of the Cuban War. These women found growth through their effort; they are steadier, bigger, better-balanced individuals because of it. Adequate responsibility was the fundamental thing. It is demanded by all of us, whether we happen to be men or women, and no matter how great or how small our "native" talents, just because we are human beings with developable faculties, power of, and need for, growth.

Of all the foolish, crazy, unbalanced sets of students I have ever had anything to do with, medical students are the worst. But medical practitioners, as a class, are pretty responsible, sane men. I believe in them thoroughly, and if I had a difficult enter-

prise demanding plain straightforwardness, and had to select any one group of men — I think I would just as soon have a group of physicians in the community, men who possess daring, willingness to take their lives in their hands, ability to think solidly, men who are not blinded by their passions. The steadying force has been responsibility.

I have seen girls, apparently flippant, empty-headed as butterflies, steady right down under the pressure of a hard job and become women you could admire and trust. Again it was the developing power of adequate work.

We hear a great deal nowadays of the increase of hysterias among women. Hysterias are closely related in their origin to that mental condition which results from inadequate responsibility. They are far more prevalent among women who are not playing a full part in the work of the world than among those who have found their "job" and the blessedness that comes through the performance of it.

Self-realisation results from living on our best level. Living on our best level is pos-

sible only when we are in right relations with our work. The matter lies within our control, whether we shall allow ourselves to be held back and dragged down by it, or give ourselves the chance of finding in it the daily stimulus we need for growth. That is what each individual will get from his work so soon as he is sure that it is his.

HANDICAPS

CHAPTER XIV

IT has been estimated that one-tenth of all civilised people have some physical disability serious enough to cripple them for life in one way or another. Defects of vision, for instance, beyond the oculist's power to correct, defects of internal organs, such as a bad heart-valve or a stomach that will not do its work adequately; defects of frame, such as a misshapen skeleton, an imperfect limb — I am only mentioning a few of the most familiar types.

With but a nominal difference in the degree of defectiveness, we should all of us find ourselves included somewhere or other among the incurables. Honesty compels us to recognise in ourselves certain infirmities — of body or mind or estate — that we can't get rid of, and that are bound always to handicap us in the race.

Whether or not any of us in his particular scheme of the universe has a satisfying explanation for such handicaps — and even

the least of them, looked at intently, brings one face to face with the whole eternal problem of suffering and disaster — it is at least our business to try to find out what their place is in our own lives — what attitude we should take toward them, how much concession we should give them. That is a terribly practical problem for each of us, and an intensely personal one, too, for in the last analysis each individual's disabilities are utterly his own, not to be shared, or even fully realised, by any other.

It is a simple matter to point to the great numbers of men and women who have brilliantly surmounted the most serious impediments, and achieved great things for mankind. "Masters of Fate" is the name accorded them by Mrs. Lucy Shaler in a recent volume; and she tells the thrilling story of some of these Masters.

To mention but a few from our own times, there was Prescott, one of the greatest of historians, who from boyhood was all but helplessly blind. Charles Darwin suffered acutely almost every day of his life. Steven

son's record is known to everyone. Herbert Spencer went through tortures with headache. Harriet Martineau lacked the senses of hearing, taste, and smell. John Addington Symonds was a consumptive. George Eliot was for much of her life an invalid; so was Mrs. Browing; so was Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the noted traveller. At forty-six Louis Pasteur, then in the very midst of his life-work, had a stroke which left one side completely paralysed. Yet it was during the following twenty-seven years, under this incalculable bodily handicap, that he worked out the theories of bacterial infection and inoculation which have revolutionised medical and surgical science.

But for some of us, I have discovered, such superb instances as these are quite as likely to contain discouragement as inspiration. They only seem to accentuate the impassable differences that separate us from them. After all, great achievements are for the few, irrespective of circumstances. With all their physical impediments, these Masters yet possessed certain native gifts of intellect, imagination, which set them in a sense

apart from common humanity. Their equipment was not like ours. They were fortified by their great ambitions, and by their consciousness of superior power.

For that reason many of us are likely to discover a larger number of practical suggestions in the lives of some of those more everyday and common-lot Masters of Fate who are to be found probably — almost surely — within our own circle of acquaintances. A physician especially has the privilege of knowing many of them, and with a good deal of intimacy.

One of the loveliest women I know is an epileptic hunchback. She goes through life with what appears to be complete unconsciousness of her physical deformity. It is not that she does not know all about it; but she has simply placed it in the background of her mental life. She is doing her part in the world's business; her work interests her and fills her heart.

She has periods of intolerable pain, and then she simply goes to bed, gives up everything; but when she is on her feet again, she plunges directly into her work without

any loss of time. Her life is predominantly happy; it is victorious and beautiful.

This solution of her special problem seems so natural and obvious, that one does not at first appreciate that other solutions would be equally natural and obvious. She is a sick woman There are terrible deficiencies in her bodily equipment which might, with utter plausibility, seem to cut her off from the rest of humanity, to make an exception of her. It would be easy — excusable too, in a certain sense — for her to keep the attitude of sickness all the time, considering herself incapable of ordinary responsibilities, looking forward during her periods of comparative well-being to the periods to come of intense suffering.

But after all, the alternative she has chosen is the very simplest, most sane and far-sighted solution. It avoids the most pain, brings the most happiness, helps her friends the most.

Another woman of my acquaintance has a mitral valve that probably leaks more than half; her heart is enlarged and seriously

hypertrophied. She has a woman's normal desire for children; but some years ago she had to undergo the ordeal of an ovarian operation — which proved later not to have been needed. She has experienced periods of depression so intense that but for her own previous calculation and placing of safeguards, she would have ended her own life. Yet that woman is the main force in preserving wholesomeness and kindness of feeling in a difficult circle of a dozen or more persons. It would take more than a casual acquaintance with her to give you any suspicion of the handicap under which she lives; she is so cheerful, so efficient in all her responsibilities, so needed by her family and her friends.

In a recent letter a correspondent writes me of a type of handicap scarcely less disheartening, though it is not bodily. "I do not know," she says, "any mortal impediment harder to live with in the right spirit than mere undisguised poverty — it 's so unpicturesque, so crudely realistic; it pinches and limits in so many different directions. I wish you could know Mrs.

M ——. Her husband has never succeeded. Already well past middle age, he is earning barely seventy-five dollars a month as a draughtsman, and there are several children. She is a college-bred woman, sensitive, high-spirited, and ambitious, and in delicate health. In order to eke out the income she has turned her hand to all sorts of things — music lessons, elocution, newspaper correspondence. Yet I think I have never seen a woman who entered, so to speak, so *vitally* into life. Out here in this O —— town — you don't know what O —— is! — we could not possibly get on without her. People — all sorts of people — go to her with their troubles, and she gives them just what they need most, whether it be mere understanding and sympathy, or something more positive, such as practical counsel or a friendly scolding."

A victory of this sort is not so dramatic as some, but it arouses, somehow, quite as deep an admiration. It does not make much of a story — any more than does the case of my crippled friend — but in that it

resembles many of the costliest and finest of life's achievements.

We are all familiar with the easy-going ready-to-hand explanation for any sort of moral achievement that overtops the average level. "What will-power!" people exclaim, — and wonder why they have not themselves a larger endowment of that mystic virtue.

I have the idea that the more we examine this thing, "will-power" — which covers such a multitude of successes — the clearer we see that it is not a single thing, but a composite, a sort of amalgam of several everyday qualities, not one of which is at all beyond the reach of any of us. Common sense, for example, enters into it, and decision, and patience, and a certain amount of philosophy.

Not long ago I went to a matinée of "Peter Pan" with a woman who has suffered all her life with terrible headaches. She is the mother of four happy, healthy children, and necessity has taught her how to suffer and act at the same time. A headache had come on during the morning; but she stuck to her plan, for she rarely has a chance

to go to the theatre, and she did not want to lose this. So we attended the performance. On the way to the train afterward she did not say much. One eye was already half-closed; every motion of the car made her wince. But when I left her she made this remark to me.

"By the day after to-morrow," she said, "I shall be enjoying Peter Pan immensely. I 'm so glad I went."

I am sure that this woman has no more than the ordinary endowment of "will-power"; but she knows how to make it count. She has learned to see the future in the present; to balance one thing against another. She calculates her programme while she can see clearly what is worth while; and then she holds by it through fire and water.

She knew that the headache was inevitable. But she also knew that it would pass. The delight and imaginative stimulus of Mr. Barrie's charming play, on the other hand, would be a permanent part of her experience. Why should she deprive herself of it?

It is the same calm perception of values that enables her, when confined to her bed by pain, to see that the children are neatly dressed and to send them cheerfully off to school. It is simply doing the obviously common-sense thing, after all.

The attitude that makes for weakness and inefficiency is the attitude of self-pity. "There are some people," says Mrs. Shaler, "who seem to have a vocation for invalidism."

These are the people who, sick or well, are fatally prolific in excuses. For every failure of theirs they bring forth a perfectly adequate and plausible explanation. They always keep a scapegoat tethered in their neighbourhood.

"The woman tempted me" said Adam.

"The serpent tempted me," murmured Eve.

"I 'm so awfully temperamental," sighed a woman of more recent date.

"I never had a fair chance," apologised one man who had not made good; and his university-educated brother, who had let opportunities slip through his fingers, said

that his inherited inhibitions were stronger than his motor impulses.

One and all they were cast out of Eden.

The course of our ordinary mental life is something like the graph of a heart-beat. There are up-strokes, apexes, down-strokes — all following each other in endless succession. Each stroke is inevitable. Every one of us, crippled or not crippled, who has an up-stroke has also, to an appreciable degree, a down-stroke.

To deny the existence of the down-stroke is foolishness; but to assume that, just because it *is* part of life, it is the most characteristic and most important part of it, is foolishness no less. It is not playing a false part to choose the truest moments you know in your own life, to hold to them constantly, to act by them consistently, even when things that are less true press upon you. The deliberate choice of healthy-minded and healthy-bodied attitudes is only loyalty to that which is best in ourselves. It is extending the control of the top moments over the lower ones.

Our defects, our impediments, are after all

only a small fraction of our life as a whole. We are predominantly good, predominantly healthy, even the worst off of us; and it is right that we should bear that in mind. "Think on *these* things." When Paul said that, he enunciated a fundamental principle of mental hygiene.

I believe that the crippled person (I use the term here in the very broadest sense) has as much need of life's responsibilities as the person of perfect physique. Invalids who have no life work, who have no one dependent on them — I do not refer to financial dependence, because that is the least important variety — who do not have *characters* dependent on them, but whose only business is to record symptoms and think about methods of treatment — they are in the very worst state. The professional pursuit of health is not one of the noble professions.

To make an exception of one's self is the surest way to defeat in life. Excuses — adequate excuses, too, for that matter — can always be found, even by the dullest, if excuses are what one is looking for. What

is most of all important is to keep in natural and wholesome relationships with the common responsibilities of life, not necessarily great responsibilities, but responsibilities that measure up to one's capacity to carry them out.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME

CHAPTER XV

COMPULSION fails to account for the greatest things in the world. One cannot imagine, for example, that those poems which bless us with their beauty and strength, with their vision and inspiration, were written under a compelling sense of duty. Such poems as Mrs. Browning's Portuguese Sonnets spring from sources other than those of necessity.

It is so with the world's great statues. There was a vision of beauty, an ideal within the souls of the men who made them, and this ideal was so compelling that they worked it out often times at great personal sacrifice. One cannot dream of this being done through a sense of duty.

The great literature of the world has been produced through motives other than those of duty. I do not mean that it is not the duty of great men to serve their world, their time. But a sense of duty and nothing further in the soul of Abraham

Lincoln could not have inspired the words of some of his classical utterances, of his Gettysburg address.

It has been my privilege to see how several inventors work. After one has seen them, it does not seem so much that the inventor is doing the work as that an idea has laid forcible hold upon him, has harnessed and bridled him, and is driving him day and night, during meal times and during rest times, to embody itself in visible form. It is not duty. Something else produces this result.

So I might go on and speak of statesmen who discharge their duties to their states and the records of whose lives will quite fail to indicate that the doing of this was the result of a desire simply to do their duty.

It is so with those who have built up great fortunes. Great fortunes are not won because of a sense of duty. There is something else back of them, which is driving these men persistently. They do not stop when they have earned enough money for their own sustenance and for the sustenance of their families; nor do they stop earning

money when they have accomplished certain desired ends. They keep on.

It is so with teachers. No teacher is great — or rather accomplishes great results — who is driven by the lash of duty. Arnold not only transformed the character of his school, but he also transformed the character of thousands of boys. He was a genius, an artist in this special line.

Passionate accomplishment in all these directions is something other than that compulsion which we call duty. It is the fireman's duty to risk his life; on occasions it is his duty to rescue others. The life-saver, too, is under such obligations and we call him coward if he does not meet them. Yet, when we read of actual achievement of this kind, we are aware of something besides duty, something which thrills us as the mere discharge of duty rarely does. The Hessian troops hired by the English years ago to fight us may have been discharging their duty to their employers. Our forefathers also were discharging their duty in fighting for their homes and their country. The attitude of the two was different. The

Americans were doing their duty — and something else.

I am perfectly aware that the word "duty" has many shades of meaning and that I have deliberately selected one. This selection is, however, I believe the most profound meaning of the word. But in any case, whether it is the *word* duty that I ought to be talking about or not is not to the point. What I mean is: There are two attitudes — one the doing of things because of some obligation or necessity, and the other the doing of them for other reasons.

Play accounts for many of the greatest things of the world. When Walt Whitman was writing his great poems, he was doing that which pleased his own self. He was working to satisfy his own inner need. The boy who plays with paddle wheels in the little stream and devises a way by which a thread may be attached to the axle and the stick hauled up against the current, is doing precisely the same thing that Edison does when because of the absorbing interests of the work he too, like the boy, will "skip" meals, forgetting them utterly in the enthu-

siasm and joy that lie in the pursuit of the ideal.

The mother who is on the watch day and night and who even while asleep is aware when her sick baby moves in bed, is the daughter of the little girl who plays with and loves her dolls. The attitude of the mother to the baby is the same attitude as the attitude of the girl to the doll. The attitude of the woman who takes care of the sick baby because she is employed to do so, or because it is her duty to do so, and who is not actuated by any further motive of love or sympathy — who merely does her duty — is easily contrasted with the attitude of the mother who responds to her own deepest need, to her own wholesome feeling, which far surpasses the obligations of duty.

Why did the Duke of Abruzzi desire to reach the North Pole? Why are the highest and the most dangerous mountains in every part of the world being successfully scaled by daring and able men? What is it that drives our great financiers and our great statesmen? What is it that actuates most people

who are sufficiently effective to enjoy life? It is the love of the game — the game of life which is played in so many different ways.

I like that stirring poem of Henry Newbolt's where the spirit of the cricket match saves the day for the British regiment — makes a hero of every man.

There 's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
Ten to make the match to win —
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his captain's hand on his shoulder smote —
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red, —
Red with the wreck of the square that broke; —
The Gatling's jammed and the colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with the dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks
And England's far and Honour a name
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the rank;
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the school is set,
Every one of her sons must hear
And none that hears it dare forget.

This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind —
"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

Why is it that play accounts for these great things when duty will not? It is because a higher state of the personality is involved in play than in duty. Under the stimulus and enthusiasm of play the muscles will contract more powerfully and longer than when the other conditions obtain. Blood pressure is higher in play. The fact that food digests better under the influence of happy meals and laughter is a commonplace. The man who plays at his meals has a far better chance of having a good digestion than the man who simply does his duty by eating.

The great things of the world and the great things in the life of each one of us are accomplished only when we can bring to bear all the forces, the best forces within us. This cannot be done by force of will alone. There must come in love and enthusiasm, the kind of interest that absorbs and dominates us. This cannot be produced

by effort. There must come that kind of insistent watchfulness which when necessary holds the mother so perfectly in its grasp.

All these forces work together in the play of men and women, as well as in the play of children. The difference between doing one's duty because it is duty, and following out the highest lines of one's interest and enthusiasm — which is just what the child does when he plays — is that in the one state we are living at the top notch of our personality, while in the other state we are not. It is not a difference in the things done. The mother who loves her child will do the same things for it as the mother who is merely doing her duty. It is a difference in attitude.

Work — in the sense in which I am now using the word — is that which is done under compulsion — whether it is the compulsion of duty, physical compulsion like that of slavery, compulsion of public opinion, or any other compulsion. By play I mean that which is done from an inner need, that which expresses the higher and best self.

We play not by jumping the traces of

life's responsibilities, but by going so far beyond life's compulsions as to lose all sight of the compulsion element.

It is far more interesting to play the game than to work at it. When you work, you are being driven. When you play, you drive yourself. And we all enjoy being our own master better than being mastered. Then besides, it is more fun to do our best, to do the thing artistically and well than to do what we know to be a make-shift job. Some of the old violin makers could hardly bear to part with the instruments upon which they had worked the most, because they loved them. These men were conscious of doing fine work. It was fun; they liked it. So it is with every piece of work that is done at our level best. We like it. It satisfies us most profoundly.

Two sisters were overheard saying, "Let 's play sisters." So they played and had such a lovely time as little girls frequently have together. What was the difference between *playing* sisters and *being* sisters? The difference is just the same as the difference between those British soldiers fighting

and playing that they were fighting — playing the game, playing up!

When we say of a man that he is not "playing the game," or when we say to a man, "Play the game!" we mean, "treat the situation as ideal." A man may be tired and we say to him, "Play the game! Play the game!" It may be a game of football or a game of finance. We mean that he shall drop his sense of fatigue. If he is sulky because his feelings have been hurt, we mean that he shall drop all that feeling of self which is interfering. We mean that he shall treat the situation as ideal. If a man is "up against" some big proposition, as was Parsons when he undertook to build the subway of New York City, we say, "He has a big game to play." He may have stupid or inefficient subordinates. He may have traits in his own character — for instance a memory weakness of a certain kind — upon which he cannot rely. All these are factors in the big game that he is playing. He cannot lie down, quit, and say that his subordinates were inefficient. These are all parts of the game he is playing.

It is so with every successful man, with every principal, with every teacher, every business man, every salesman.

To "play the game" is to treat the situation as ideal. It means to drop all selfish, individual considerations, and to meet the real situation by ideal means.

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